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PORTUGUESE FILIBUSTERING.

FILIBUSTER rhymes to bluster, and there may have been a certain tendency in a small part of the English press to magnify the importance of Major SERPA PINTO's recent raid on the Makololo. We certainly shall neither set nor follow the example of any such magnifying here. In itself the incident did not, apparently, differ from many incidents in the travels, say, of Mr. STANLEY. You go about in a kind of No-man's-land with, according to some Portuguese testimony, two thousand negroes; you meet with persons who do not manifest an eager welcome to two thousand negroes, even when headed, as the song says, by "one Portugee"; you endeavour to teach them better tastes and manners with Gatlings and Winchesters; several of them die, and the rest run away. It is a "scientific expedition," of course. (Everything of the kind is a scientific expedition nowadays, from the Mountains of the Moon to the Roof of the World.) Its object is to establish a railway, or survey for one. It had been thought that Portugal's method of constructing railways in territory which is, or which she holds to be, hers was to get somebody else to spend the money, and then to confiscate the line; but, apparently, there is more variety in Portuguese ideas than this. There is no need to grudge this variety; there is only need to take care that Portugal benefits not one jot by it. Until fuller intelligence of a certain kind has been received, it must remain uncertain what satisfaction ought to be demanded for the acts of the Major with the famous travelling name, if they have really been committed. But, whatever this may turn out to be, nothing that has happened can possibly affect, except by further enforcing it, the necessity of standing by Lord SALISBURY's clear declaration that England has not admitted, does not admit, and will not admit, Portuguese claims to the Nyassa and Shiré districts and to the banks of the Upper Zambesi.

Even in the need of consolation accompanying that fit of uneasiness which frequently succeeds the commission of a deed of derring-do which the doer is by no means certain of being able to make good, the encomiums of a certain portion of the French press will hardly be very grateful to Portuguese hearts. In the first place, unless the two chief European nations which have hitherto abetted the slave trade should haply make common cause to maintain it in the Mozambique Channel, it is clear that French sympathy with Portugal must be of the most impractical description. France has no possessions on the mainland of Africa to the south of the Congo State, and if the worst comes to the worst, there is hardly any conceivable manner in which she is likely to help Portugal. The most purblind Portuguese patriot must perceive that these good friends, to borrow MACAULAY's jest, do not sympathize with the bear, but object to the pleasure of those who bait him; or, in other words, could be quite content to see Portugal lose, if only England did not gain. Nor is it likely that any Portuguese who considers the matter coolly will find much further comfort in the alleged wickedness of Mr. JOHNSTON in distributing British flags after obtaining Portuguese safe-conducts, or in the terrible acts which "the British" subject JOHN PETIT and others, especially missionaries, have done at Blantyre and elsewhere. Mr. JOHNSTON is a servant of the English Crown, and the English Crown, by its responsible Ministers, has repeatedly declared that it recognizes no Portuguese sovereignty in the districts where Mr. JOHNSTON effected his distribution. And as for the crimes of British subjects and missionaries, probably no European Power, if it is to be made responsible for the acts of its subjects in this way, is worthy to hold or to protect a foot of African territory. Moreover, if it were not that we do not care for the use of

harsh language, we should have to remark a little effrontery in the use of such an argument just after Major SERPA PINTO's Gatlings have done such wonders with the Makololo. The African Lakes Company, and the Blantyre missionaries, and the naughty "British subject JOHN PETIT," and all the rest of them, would have taken a very long time to make up, even if they were all as murderous as Portuguese imagination paints them, a butcher's bill equal to the Major's expenditure of Makololo as an incident of railway surveying.

Public opinion in Portugal is said to be calm, but determined; there is no reason whatever why public opinion in England should not be equally determined the other way, and still calmer. On last Monday night it so happened that the two Law Officers of the Government both addressed public meetings, and, while Sir EDWARD CLARKE deprecated excessive denunciation of Portugal, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER took credit to the Government for having "no Majuba Hill" to their names. They have not, and we all hope that the word Swaziland, which occurs to the mind with an unpleasant persistence, will never spell anything similar. But, if they are not to have it, or something of the kind, there must be absolutely no attempt to transact in any way on this subject of Portuguese claims in the interior. It is important to notice that, with all the calmness and deliberation attributed to Portugal, there is also attributed to her by those Englishmen who, after the eccentric fashion of our nation, take the side of the enemy, and who affect to be acquainted with Portuguese intentions, a desire to compromise. The sea-to-sea pretension is, it is said, to be abandoned; Matabele—if not Mashona—land to be kindly recognized as a British sphere; and a certain gap northwards left between the Portuguese provinces. It is almost a sufficient answer to say that, if the Portuguese really take this position, "the bonny Empire of Monomotapa," which has been in the family these three hundred years, is, to use the words of the elder Mr. MORTON of Milnwood, "barking and fleeing" already. The main Portuguese pretension is gone, and the Portuguese are simply reduced to exactly the same ground or claim as that put forward by England, the claim of occupation and the like. In this respect, as regards the Nyassa and Shiré districts, it is well known that they have absolutely nothing to set against the claims of the British merchants and missionaries who have (or had till the other day, when the attacks of the Arabs on the north and the Portuguese on the south endangered it) an undisputed and undisturbed record of years. And it is not pretended, but the contrary, that the Portuguese have in their projected compromise abandoned the intention of disestablishing these British subjects whom they have for some time past done their best to annoy. Fortunately, moreover, the declarations of the FOREIGN SECRETARY already referred to contained the most explicit reference to these districts, while the charter of the British South African Company is a document in reference to the other regions concerned which cannot be neglected or dropped without loss and disgrace. Until we have proper official intelligence, it is of course impossible to pronounce in confidence on the details of the matter. Mr. JOHNSTON's whereabouts are not exactly known, it seems, but it is pretty certain that, unless some untoward accident happens, he will be able to put the whole matter in a clear light. Mr. JOHNSTON is not only a practised African traveller, but he has had experience of diplomatic transactions of various delicate kinds, and he has no prejudice against the Portuguese—indeed they have themselves cited his testimony in their favour. But, if the facts are anything at all resembling the report of them, it is particularly desirable that public opinion should be fortified beforehand against the "anti-

"Jingo" nonsense which is already being uttered, and against the silly taunts of French and Irish newspapers about hitting a man your own size. Weakness should be an additional protection against unjust aggression by the stronger; but it is no sort of warrant for presumptuous insolence and outrage on the weakling's part; and those who attempt to plead it, either for themselves or others, in effect admit that the accused has nothing else to plead. Certain detailed threats which have been made in England are unwise, because the offence is not as yet clearly detailed or proved. It is sufficient to say that Portugal is conspicuously destitute of that shield of inaccessibility which has emboldened some other nations to take liberties with England, and that an equivalent, and something more than an equivalent, for any wrongdoing of hers in the interior would be particularly easy to exact on the coast. Above all and before all, no arbitration should be thought of. Unpleasant experience has shown that where England is concerned arbitration is impossible.

MR. BOUVERIE.

THE death of Mr. BOUVERIE would not, in any circumstances, have counted as an event. It is now little more than a piece of news. Nevertheless, though not much more, it is yet something more. It is a reminder that a class of men once existed in the House of Commons who now, very much to its disadvantage and that of the country, have disappeared from it, and do not seem likely to find their way into it again. The constituencies are as careless as Lord TENNYSON long ago discovered Nature to be of the individual life, and they are not more careful than he on reflection found that Nature was of the type. Mr. BOUVERIE was almost the last of the members of Parliament who, in the special sense which the phrase has now lost, were Parliament-men, who represented the House of Commons in the House of Commons itself, who were the guardians and interpreters of its rules, the spokesmen of it in its collective capacity, the vigilant watchmen of its corporate self-respect and of its traditions. He was more than the member for a particular constituency or the adherent of a party. He sustained on the Liberal side of the House the position which Colonel WILSON PAITEN had among the Conservatives, and which Mr. WHITBREAD gave some promise of filling among Liberals until unhappily he Gladstonized and demagoguized.

It is a mistake to speak of Mr. BOUVERIE as if he were merely an old Whig survival, a sort of fossilized remnant of the aristocratic party of GREY and GRENVILLE. His father, the Earl of RADNOR, had been the friend and patron of COBBETT; as Lord FOLKESTONE he had been in the House of Commons a Radical before the days of Radicalism, and in the Lords he had rivalled the reforming zeal of Lord DURHAM. He was one of the four or five peers—Lord FITZWILLIAM, Lord DUCIE, and Lord KINNAIRD were the others, and almost the only others—who were Free-Traders before Mr. COBDEN and the League. When Mr. BOUVERIE first stood for Kilmarnock in 1844, a young man of five or six and twenty, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, though actually near at hand, did not seem to be near at hand. Famine, which, as Mr. BRIGHT once said in a public speech, and, as often as he could find opportunity for dropping in the phrase, in conversation, had not yet come to the aid of its foes. The Edinburgh letter of Lord JOHN RUSSELL had not been written. Mr. BOUVERIE stood for Kilmarnock as an economical Radical of the school of Mr. VILLIERS and Mr. COBDEN, reciprocating civilities with his Chartist opponent, Mr. HENRY VINCENT, and minimizing his differences with him. He had a subordinate office in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's first Government, as did Mr. VILLIERS and, for a time, Mr. MILNER GIBSON, and was held at that time to be rather more of a Radical than a Whig. He had no place in Lord ABERDEEN's Administration, receiving instead that post of consolation, the Chairmanship of Committees. Under Lord PALMERSTON's first Government he was in succession Vice-President of the Board of Trade and President of the Poor-Law Board. His official career came to an end in 1858, for in subsequent Liberal Ministries he had no place. He declined, in Lord PALMERSTON's second Administration, a post which he believed to be below his political standing, and insensibly assumed the position of candid friend on the fourth bench, behind and above the successive Ministries of Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE. Though a man of considerable business capacity, as he showed in the unpaid offices of Church Estate Commissioner and Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and, after his re-

tirement from Parliament, in connexion with various City Companies, his habit of mind was essentially critical. He discharged, with a certain liking for it, the valuable but unpopular function of canvassing the conduct of the leaders of his party, when in office, not from the point of view of an antagonist, but of a friendly and dispassionate observer accidentally left out of their arrangements. The work is a very useful one, but it is attended with a certain degree of friction. When it became necessary to inform Lord JOHN RUSSELL, after his unfortunate Vienna mission, that a large section of the Liberal party could not oppose the vote of censure on him, of which Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON had given notice, Mr. BOUVERIE was chosen, by a certain instinct of natural selection, as the person who would probably be best pleased to perform this disagreeable office. Mr. BOUVERIE was the reverse of an ill-natured man, but there are certain people to whom the discharge of a painful duty gives a real satisfaction.

Mr. BOUVERIE's relations with his party, uneasy in the later days of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, were strained to the verge of rupture under Mr. GLADSTONE. This is not the place in which to revive the record of battles not more worthy of memory than those of cawing rooks about the nests which they guard or pilfer. The conflicts had their source in the antipathetic characters of the two men. Since he had held the office of Chairman of Committees, Mr. BOUVERIE had given a large part of his attention to the inner business of the House, and to those arrangements which are essential to its satisfactory management. The first condition of the smooth working of the Parliamentary machine is a readiness to come to a definite understanding, and fidelity in adhering to it. To a man of Mr. BOUVERIE's habit of mind, the over-subtlety of interpretation which Mr. GLADSTONE showed in the Ewelme Rectory business and in the COLLIER appointment suggested a duplicity of intelligence which did not revolt him the less for being unconscious. He would probably have held with that "most generous of Ultramontanes, WARD"—surely the most prosaic line ever "hitched into rhyme," to use a phrase of Mr. BROWNING's, more frequently applicable to his own performances than to Lord TENNYSON's—that when you have once made up your mind that deception is justifiable, you had better then lie like a trooper. The tactics which combine the moral credit of speaking the truth with the advantage of leaving a false impression, and the self-applause at having done a clever thing, revolted him. Mr. BOUVERIE, indeed, with his sense that the first duty of man is to the House of Commons, would probably not have admitted that it can ever be justifiable to deceive it. Still, if he had had to make his choice, he would most likely have preferred Mr. WARD's casuistry, which seems also to be that of Mr. PARNELL, to Mr. GLADSTONE's.

Mr. BOUVERIE was, in a legitimate way, somewhat of a formalist. To cut the knot of a controversy between the Houses by the invocation of an obsolete prerogative, as when purchase in the army was abolished by Royal Warrant, seemed to him a questionable proceeding. One of the precepts of the Rabbinical teachers insists on the necessity of what they call "fencing the law"—that is to say, of laying down subsidiary regulations which should prevent its unheeding or impulsive infringement. The Jewish ritual not only fenced the law, but fenced the fences of the law, and again the fences of the fences of the fences. Mr. BOUVERIE had a similar regard for the Parliamentary forms which guarded the substance of law and freedom, and if he occasionally pushed his reverence for them into pedantry, it was a pedantry wiser than contemptuous disregard of them. But for his collisions with his party, Mr. BOUVERIE would probably have been nominated Speaker of the House of Commons on the retirement of Mr. DENISON. Lord HOLLAND used to say that, among all the Speakers he had known, only one was a really able man—WILLIAM GRENVILLE—and he was the only bad Speaker of the lot. Mr. BOUVERIE was an able man, and he might have turned out a bad Speaker. Instead of succeeding to the Chair, he lost and did not regain his place in the House of Commons. Lord MELBOURNE predicted that the decline of personal independence would be one of the ultimate consequences of Parliamentary Reform. The rejection of Mr. BOUVERIE by the electors of the group of Scotch boroughs which he had served for thirty years, because he declined to bow down to the political idol of the day, was an early symptom of what is now an epidemic malady.

TRADES-UNIONS.

IN so far as it is a reason for satisfaction that the Gas-Workers' Union should have been beaten at the expense of great labour, considerable cost, and some risk, the result of the so-called strike in South London has been all that could be wished. Thanks, we take it, very largely to the good generalship of Mr. LIVESEY, the South Metropolitan Gas Company has, up to the present, won all along the line. It has obtained all the men needed to replace those who were docile enough to quarrel with a good employment at the dictation of the Union Committee. As might have been expected, no great difficulty has been found in training the new hands to do the necessary work. The Company retained the services of its officers and of a body of experienced men. It is as true of industrial as it is of military organization that, with good officers and a percentage of trained men, it is no very difficult task to lick recruits into shape. This is particularly the case when the recruits are as willing to learn as the new servants of the South Metropolitan Company obviously are. The disappointment which the discovery that their business is no impossible one to acquire quickly has caused the Gas-Workers' Committee is only one more proof of the utter want of foresight and common-sense and the abounding conceit it has displayed throughout the whole struggle. Up to now, also, the Company has been able to obtain the coal, which is as necessary to it as men, and there is a good prospect that it will be able to defy the Coal-Porters' and the Seamen and Firemen's Union as effectually as it has the Gas-Workers'. All this as far as it goes is well. It is not, however, so well that the victory should have been won by measures which may be called military, without any violent straining of metaphor. To read of the care which has been taken to victual the South Metropolitan Gas Works, of the display of force which has been required to protect the newcomers on their way through the streets, of the strategical movements and surprise tactics which have been required to bring the recruits in without a riot, is to read of something not very remotely resembling the preliminaries of street-fighting. We know that only gross misconduct in high places could cause things to come to so serious a pass; but it is undeniable that there is fear of violence on one side, only too well justified by recent experience, and on the other a predisposition to use violence, which has been only too disgracefully encouraged. The measures for their own protection which have been forced on some of the Company's old hands are in themselves a condemnation of this so-called fight for the liberty of British workmen. When the gas-workers were called out, several of them repented at the last moment, but did not dare to say so. They made up their bundles, took their money, and then ran to cover within the works, where they lay in hiding till the "strikers" were gone. Then they came out and took the Company's terms. The facts of the case are clear enough, in all conscience, in all this dispute, but none of them are clearer than that these men were under the influence of fear, inspired by their own professed friends, and that it was fear of violence. A more disagreeable proof of the spirit which prevails among many of the working class, of the disposition to bully on one side and the want of courage on the other; a more scandalous piece of evidence of the little confidence felt in the capacity of the official protectors of the public to do their duty, has seldom been given in this or any other country.

It is no longer necessary to insist that all this dispute, and the still enduring kindred dispute at Erith in the Maxim-Nordenfeldt works, are, in fact, fights for power. On one side are the employers and those workmen who choose to remain free, in fact, and not in the Trade-Union sense; on the other are the committees of the Unions. These bodies have manifestly been encouraged by the submissiveness of the men, which has now become a habit, and by the "sympathy" of a portion of the public, to attempt to dictate, not only to the employers, but to the whole community. It was hardly necessary that Mr. CHAMPION should come forward to tell us what is to be the nature of labour politics. His letter has a value which we do not deny, as showing that a portion of the masses has thoroughly grasped the Gladstonism of Mr. GLADSTONE. Neither can it be denied that he shows a shrewd appreciation of the moral courage and intellectual honesty of the common or Caucus candidate. No doubt the labour party will imitate the tactics of kindred spirits in the

teetotal and promotion-of-syphilis parties, and, like them, they will secure the services of candidates. But we knew that already, and, knowing it, have quite understood the nature of the labour party, so called. The one way to counteract its manœuvres is to make their real character plain, and form an opposition which will be strong enough to prop the candidate up on the other side. As things are going we see no reason why that opposition should not be formed if there is found among those whose interest it is to form it only half the sense, the foresight, and the spirit which has been shown by Mr. LIVESEY. It is now becoming so plain as to be obvious to many workmen themselves that the Unions are ceasing to exist for the sake of the workers, and are beginning to exist for the sake of the committees. Habit, tradition, distrust of the employer, and an ingrained belief that only the exercise of their own power in combinations will secure for them consideration or fair treatment (which distrust and belief are, we frankly allow, largely justified by experience), still unite to make the men stand by their Union committees. The influence of these bodies is great, and even deservedly great. Therefore they can still rely on prompt and implicit obedience from a very large part of the working class. But it is a power which is necessarily based, in the last resort, on moral influence and on interest, and is very capable of being lost by abuse. It is being abused and the natural consequence should follow. Men may for a time allow themselves to be misled or overawed, but after a while loss and discomfort will bring them to their senses. As soon as the malcontents are sufficiently numerous to encourage one another, as soon as they find a leader, there will be a revolt. It is the manifest interest of the employer to supply the encouragement and the leader, as Mr. LIVESEY has done. The Gas-Workers' Union has played his game. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Dock-Strikers' Committee, the Coal-Porters', and the Seamen and Firemen's Union, are indirectly doing nearly as much for him. Their mere management, to begin with, is ruinously bad. Nothing could possibly be more ill advised than the piteous appeal which the Gas-Workers' Union and the Coal-Porters' have been already compelled to make to the charity of the public, which they are doing their best to deprive of one of the most necessary of necessities. It is a confession to the men who have followed or may follow them that there is no help in them at need. Then the ridiculous attempt to create sympathy by mere mechanical imitation of the dockers' processions is too transparent. The efforts of one Union to tyrannize over another, as in the case of the effort of the London Seamen's Union to dictate to the Sunderland men, are excellently well adapted to set workmen against workmen. The prompt failure of the last effort to make trouble in the docks, following on the defeat of the Silvertown strike, has shaken the influence of Messrs. MANN and TILLET. The threat of the Shields men to disturb the trade of London, and the manifest risk that the coal-porters' attack on Lord DURHAM's ships may injure the business of the port—all these and some similar lessons are producing a cumulative effect. The men who might be induced to strike are losing heart, the community which is threatened is losing sympathy. Between the two it seems daily more likely that the Unions will fail to secure any further support.

But little permanent good will be done unless these errors in tactics on the part of the Unions serve to make the workmen realize the selfishness of their policy as a whole. It would be unfair to say that the Unions have no case at all. We do not think that they have a good one; but they certainly have a case which is capable of defence. It is at least an arguable proposition that the working-men, as a class, will be better off if they keep to a system of short engagements, which leaves them free to act at any moment as they think best for their interests. Long engagements, even though accompanied by such a recognized right to share in profits as is granted by Mr. LIVESEY, do to some extent limit the liberty of the workman. The loss would, indeed, be well compensated by the gain; nor is it at all apparent that workmen would be the worse off for putting themselves, as regards the length of their engagements, on the same footing as many classes of educated clerks and public servants. Still it is open to the workmen to think otherwise; and if the Union committees had argued their side of the question with some regard for truth and courtesy, if they had even persuaded the Unions to forbid their members to accept such terms as Mr. LIVESEY's, they might have been ill advised, but they would have been within their

rights. There has, however, been no attempt at fairness, persuasion, or courtesy on the part of the Union committees. They have simply acted with the selfish impatience of very small-minded people who think their own importance in danger. They have dragged the men who trusted them to defeat and loss for no adequate motive. If their folly does not appear in its proper light to the workmen, it will be at least largely because those whose interest it is to make them see the truth do not do so, and because the lesson taught by the South Metropolitan Gas Company has been wasted on those who ought to profit by it. As for the conduct of the Unions to the community, it needs no qualification. No monopolist has ever threatened with such violence or displayed such insolent selfishness as they have.

THE ROBBERY IN HATTON GARDEN.

CONSIDERING how very easy it is to dislocate the common machinery of civilization, we may well be surprised that on the whole it should run so smoothly. The robbery in Hatton Garden was nothing more wonderful or more difficult than an attack upon one postman by several thieves, who took from him his letter-bag, and departed leaving him more frightened than hurt. Rogues are quite as careless as honest men, and these enterprising gentry had omitted to inform themselves when the Cape Mail would be delivered. Hatton Garden is of course the centre of the diamond trade, and if the robbers had secured the packages from South Africa, they would have come in for a good haul. As it was, they have not done altogether badly, a necklace priced at five thousand pounds being among their supposed pickings. The confusion into which the business of Hatton Garden has been thrown by this untoward event may be imagined if one reflects that none of the wholesale jewellers and silversmiths there residing know what are the particular orders and remittances which have thus miscarried. Tuesday morning's delivery failed. But of what did Tuesday morning's delivery consist? Frequenters of criminal courts have often been struck by the apparent stupidity of prisoners, and some may have been inclined to suspect that the stupidity was more apparent than real. But crime is really so simple a thing that the obtuseness may be genuine after all. Success in making an honest livelihood requires some good quality of mind or body, be it only a verbal memory or a muscular arm. To embark upon a career of crime a man need only be devoid of scruple. Exceptional ability or acuteness would be wasted. Take, for instance, this latest raid upon the post. To begin with, it was, as we have already said, made at the wrong time. Then, if it was not exactly advertised beforehand, there was no attempt to conceal the contemplated method of procedure. About five weeks ago a man named CROSBY, calling himself, and possibly being, a jeweller, rented a front office on the second floor of No. 10 Hatton Garden. The windows of this office were made of frosted glass, so that what was inside could not be seen. Mr. CROSBY came there when the mails were delivered in the morning, but was not often seen during the remainder of the day. Needless to add that since the robbery he has not been seen at all. It was at the door of this man's so-called office, which turns out to have contained nothing except a table and chairs, that SMALLEY, the postman, was assaulted, and into the office he was thrust without his mail-bag. It never occurred to the detective genius of the metropolis that there was anything at all suspicious in a jeweller without a business establishing himself behind glazed windows at a spot where parcels worth thousands of pounds were constantly brought by a single postman. It is superfluous for criminals to show caution when the police display such a childlike innocence.

We shall have for the next few weeks plenty of suggestions for avoiding similar occurrences in the future, and then the public will forget all about it till next time. Inspector LEACH, whose chief duty is to catch the thieves, volunteers the brilliant suggestion that postmen should go about in couples. This would be very expensive to the Post Office, and might entail upon the enemy the necessity of slightly increasing his resources. Its other advantages are not obvious to the naked eye. Mr. HENRY EDMUNDS, however, who writes to the *Times* from the scene of the robbery, contributes a useful and practical hint, which deserves the attention of Mr. RAIKES. "I would suggest," says Mr. EDMUNDS, "that instead of the package being

"carried through the streets, and taken to the addressee, "the postmen should merely deliver a sealed notice to him, "and then he could proceed to the nearest post-office, and "receive his property after producing satisfactory proofs "of identity." The first objection to this scheme is that it would, as the lawyers say, "open a wide door to fraud." But then it may be answered that entrusting a postman with property worth thousands of pounds opens a window to robbery, even assuming that postmen are never dishonest themselves. In this case there is no reason whatever for suspecting the postman, but every reason to the contrary. Yet at most Assizes, and at almost every Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, postmen are convicted of larceny; nor has the almost uniform sentence of five years' penal servitude imposed by the judges availed to stop the offence. Mr. ANTHONY HACKBUT, whom every reader of *Rhoda Fleming* will remember, had withstood temptation for very many years before he finally yielded to the impulse of astonishing the world by robbing the bank. "The addressee "of valuable property," continues Mr. EDMUNDS, "would, "of course, take proper precautions to insure the safety of "it when in his own hands." That is perhaps a sanguine view. But the difference between diamonds in the pocket of a private individual and diamonds in a postman's bag is broad and plain. One man is known, the other is not known, to have valuables about him. It pays to watch a postman, and catch him as he is delivering his letters or packages. It would not pay to watch every one who came out of a post-office, on the chance that something more substantial than a clandestine love-letter would reward the quest. Certain post-offices might, however, require a special guard of police. It is not very long since the post-office at Hatton Garden itself was robbed, and a number of precious stones seized. Post-offices are now, if we may be pardoned the expression, so frequently manned by women, that they cannot be considered perfectly safe receptacles for jewellery to any amount. Nevertheless the proposal of Mr. EDMUNDS is not to be lightly dismissed.

THE ST. PAUL'S REREDOS CASE.

THE judgment of the Court of Appeal in the St. Paul's Reredos case, though not necessarily final, is extremely satisfactory, both in the particular effect, as far as it goes, and in the general principle which it confirms, taking the Courts of Appeal and Queen's Bench together, by a majority of four strong judges to two, who, with no disrespect to them, can hardly be called so strong. It is almost needless to say that the merits of the original application to the Bishop are no more in direct question than the merits of the reredos, though both seem to have been by some persons in judicial as well as many in extra-judicial positions imported rather far within it. A few people may think the original proceedings a respectable protest against superstition; to others they may seem one of the worst examples of the worst nuisance and scandal which has for some years weighed upon English law—the nuisance and scandal of persons who openly advocate and practise disobedience to the law by defect, endeavouring to persecute and punish what they choose to consider disobedience by excess. So, also, the reredos may seem to some as ugly as it seemed to Lord COLERIDGE (who devoted an episode of his judgment in the Court below to pointing out how much better the thing could have been done by persons who should be nameless), and others may think that nothing has ever so much improved the grandiose, but once terribly bare and unfurnished, cathedral of London. But all this was quite foreign to the matter actually at issue. The law says that the bishop shall exercise his discretion as to permitting such suits to go on, that they shall go on "unless, after a consideration of the whole circumstances of the case," he thinks it better that they should not. The application for a mandamus was based on the contention that he had not complied with the statute. Mr. Baron POLLOCK held that he had; the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice MANISTY that he had not. But these two learned judges in giving their reasons betrayed, in a way not common on the English Bench, the effect of *ignoratio elenchi*. Mr. Justice MANISTY thought that the Bishop had misinterpreted the Exeter reredos case. But, as the MASTER of the ROLLS pointed out, the statute says nothing—without stultifying itself it could say nothing—about the Bishop's consideration commending itself to other people. If he is only to consider subject to such approval, he has no

discretion at all, as Mr. Baron POLLOCK had already contended. Lord COLERIDGE's judgment was still more remarkable; for it amounted practically to a confession that he did not like the law, that he thought a Bishop ought not to have discretion. That Lord COLERIDGE, as Lord COLERIDGE, is entitled to his opinions no one will question; but as Lord Chief Justice he has to administer the law, and not to make or unmake it.

It must surely be clear that any other decision of the Court of Appeal would have introduced—that any future decision of a superior Court still would introduce—a most dangerous latitude of interpretation. There can be no question whatever that the intention of the proviso in the Act was precisely this—to enable the Bishop, if he thought proper after due consideration, to stop litigation. If it is open to anybody to say that the consideration was not due because the result arrived at does not coincide with his own opinions, the proviso becomes a mere bad joke. And, further, if it is open to a judge to say in effect, "The law 'has given this person discretion; I do not think it proper 'for such persons to have discretion,' what is the use of having laws at all? Let us go back to justice à la Caliph-and-Cadi. It is evident that the affirmation of Lord COLERIDGE's, if not of Mr. Justice MANISTY's, opinion would have a far wider reach than to reredoses. And this consideration should, as we have said, cause the judgment to be received with particular satisfaction, independently of any which may be entertained outside the merits of the particular question by those who admire the reredoses as a work of art, or those who would in any circumstances welcome the defeat of a gang of intolerant and Philistine sectaries.

THE ADVENTURES OF EIGHT HOURS.

THE truth was never told more inappropriately by one man of another than when Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL described Mr. GLADSTONE as an "old man in a hurry." It was not a reverent account of the Sage of Hawarden, but it fitted him with complete exactitude. Only, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should launch such a saying!—he who at that very hour was conspicuous for all the follies of a young man in a hurry! There had been a time when it seemed that he knew how to wait, but it presently appeared that he had genius enough to put off the restraints of patience at a time of life when ordinary young men begin to put them on. After his first success—success well gained but very ill employed—he gave way to a fury of acquisition. Rush he must to seize at once upon everything within the sweep of a telescopic ambition, swivel-mounted. Confident in the strength of a swayer of the masses, he would be nothing less than Dictator from the first official perch he had lighted on. Cabinets were to be ordered, Ministers to be made and unmade by his voice. From one department of State he hastened to control every other, and would have all at command or dash the whole machine to fragments with a view to constructing a new one from patterns of his own.

Who is to say how much he might have changed, to his own glory, if he had really been a prudent man! But though prudence and patience are indispensable to the service of political ambition, they do not always follow it; and they have never yet been seen in company with Lord RANDOLPH's aspirations. We know what happened when he rushed to make his grand *coup*. It was but the dashing of a hasty head against a wall; and ever since Lord RANDOLPH recovered from the staggering effect of that wanton failure he has been plunging here and there—now in one direction, now in another—in search of some avenue of return to his lost distinction. Of course he should have waited. He should have gone, not to the ant, with whose lessons he had been previously acquainted, but to another exemplar of more particular value under the circumstances: we allude to Brer Rabbit, who always knew when to "lay low." In all likelihood, the patient pursuit of a steady invariable line of conduct would have brought Lord RANDOLPH to place again before very long, and meanwhile he might have absorbed from exterior habits of principle some inward convictions that would have been of the utmost service to him. It did seem, indeed, for a time that he had been sobered into a perception that this was his right course of action. After his resignation escapade he did not rush off to form a new party or to join any of the older factions, but appeared at

the right time in the Conservative ranks with a sober, dignified, and penitential air, which it would have been most wise to keep up. But though his attitude was marked with pleasure, and even with hope, it did not lead to his immediate restoration to office. Therefore he broke out again. And then he went back. And then he made another rush in an exactly opposite direction; and this has been done over and over again with startling suddenness, till almost every rag of his old reputation has fallen from him in the haste and velocity of the traffic.

It is not very long since Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL took a turn for the better. Only a few months ago he was praised in all the Conservative churches for a speech or two (he had been in retirement abroad just before, and retirement implies meditation) which were not only sound and good in themselves, but bore evidence that sobriety had come to stay in that strangely erratic and impatient mind at last. But now it appears that our hopes are again overthrown. Something has disturbed Lord RANDOLPH to his foundations once more. What it is is not exactly known. This time it can hardly be disappointment at not receiving an immediate public embrace from the PRIME MINISTER—that could not have been expected; and it really seems that, if the disturbing something has nought to do with recent occurrences at Birmingham, we must put it down to "ungovernable 'impulse,' as before. A few days ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL wrote a letter which was to have made a tremendous sensation. The shock anticipated was so great that his friends were carefully prepared for it, it seems; and in due course the letter was published. "Appeared" is the customary word for publication nowadays; but, strange to say, it is hardly applicable on this occasion. The newspapers printed the letter in an obscure place, where it hardly appeared at all; and from that day (which was Monday) to this, little reference to it has been made in any quarter. What significance there may be in that fact we are in no haste to determine; but, making all allowance for attention jaded by repeated extravagances, it is remarkable that an out-and-out Socialist manifesto from the hands of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should flutter to the ground unregarded and almost unperceived. For that is what this letter amounts to. Its author has been meditating again. Musing over an essay by the scientific Socialist Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, but not over that alone, Lord RANDOLPH has come to the conclusion that the Legislature properly can and probably should appoint the number of hours that every man shall work. Bringing refinement to bear on a coarse familiar saw, and prudently excising one of its clauses, Lord RANDOLPH says:—"Eight hours' labour, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours for mental and bodily recreation seems to me an ideal which a democratic Legislature, in its care for the welfare of the whole people, 'may wisely and profitably endeavour to aim at.' Endeavour means passing an Act of Parliament, of course; and this Lord RANDOLPH is now prepared to take part in. He has thought the matter out, and does not hesitate to say that an Act limiting the hours of labour to eight would be beneficial. It would diminish the number of unemployed men; and if it also resulted in 'some, though not necessarily a large, diminution of the capitalist's profits,' that consequence is not to be hastily regarded as a disadvantage. It might be, or it might not; while as for the dangers of foreign competition, they are 'illusory,' Lord RANDOLPH thinks. Why? Because of 'the certainty that labour 'movements in this country will be closely followed and 'imitated both in Europe and America.' The certainty! How easy are the problems of industrial economy to the cocksure! Well, then, that is settled. Lord RANDOLPH has plunged again, and this time as we see. He roundly declares for the Eight Hours demand, the one point which many New Radicals shun; which Mr. MORLEY will have none of, though all the wild horses at Mr. LABOUCHERE's disposal advance to dismember him; which even "the old man in a hurry"—hurried more than ever though he be—declines to catch on to as yet; which thousands and thousands of workmen themselves turn their backs upon with a knowledgeable contempt. And if Lord RANDOLPH can advocate this part of the Socialist-Radical programme, what is there in it that he cannot warm to?—a question which he obviously must have meant to raise. It is very strange—as a matter of calculation and tactics. Is there any explanation of it? There is deliberation about this move, but the springs of it are most obscure. Can the decision of the Birmingham dispute have anything to do with it? Lord HARTINGTON and Lord SALISBURY are

to settle whether a third seat for Birmingham is to go to the Liberal-Unionists or the Conservatives. With this seat Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been much and even passionately concerned. The decision of the arbitrators is soon to be announced, we are told. Possibly the Eight Hours manifesto may have been issued with a view to that matter; but to what intent is not clear. It will be sad indeed if we have to fall back once more upon "un-governable impulse"; and, in any case, there can be no doubt that there was much more of "impulse" than judgment or principle at work when Lord RANDOLPH wrote that unfortunate neglected letter.

ARMENIA.

ALTHOUGH it is probable that we are as yet very imperfectly informed of what has been actually happening in Armenia, it would seem also probable that the persistent efforts of the agitators and the unwise conduct of the Porte have worked together to produce actual disturbances which will become serious or not accordingly as it suits the interests, or the supposed interests, of Russia. The earlier story of a determination to help themselves against the Kurds, conceived by some Armenians and suppressed, or attempted to be suppressed, by the Turks, is too much what a newspaper correspondent, who knew what was wanted of him, would be likely to send, to be trustworthy without confirmation, and the other reports are vague in the extreme. On the other hand, the (also not too clearly or certainly reported) result of the trial of MOUSSA Bey is almost a little too probable. It is too exactly what the blundering and tormented wits of the Turk would be likely to hit upon. A desire to do substantial justice if it is not very troublesome and does not interfere with his prejudices on the one hand, and a desire not to discourage friends or comply too much with the meddling desires of the infidel on the other, are sure to have been present in the mind of the SULTAN; but whether they took the exact form which they were reported to have taken is uncertain. What is certain, however, is that no efforts have been left unused by those who wish to stir up a revolt, however slight, in some of the Armenian districts, and to keep it smouldering. The advantages of this proceeding are, indeed, too obvious to escape far less astute and experienced machinators. As an excuse for interference, as a provocation to some real "atrocities" on the part of the much-tried Turk, as a reason for asking the cession of more territory, or as a handle to squeeze concessions elsewhere, such disturbances are equally useful.

Some well-intentioned persons of, for the moment, tolerably correct views in the more pressing questions of home politics have deprecated the exposure of the sufficiently obvious intrigue which has availed itself of the unquestioned unwisdom and want of vigour in the Turkish government of Armenia. The deprecation would be of more force if it did not come from those who were gulled by Mr. GLADSTONE thirteen years ago, though they were wiser three years ago, and who apparently still believe in the "atrocities" (sham as regards the purpose for which they were used, if not invariably sham as to their actual occurrence) which led to the further aggrandizement of Russia, the further dislocation of the political situation in Eastern Europe, the Afghan and Central Asian calamities, and a whole peck of troubles other than these which we have not done with yet. It seems impossible to get into the head of amiable people of this kind the very simple proposition that questions of foreign policy cannot be decided on something like the principle of a benevolent instructor of children who allows gardens to TOMMY and HARRY, and, if TOMMY does not cultivate his well, takes it away and gives it to HARRY. It is a very undesirable thing that anybody's garden should be ill cultivated, that anybody's subjects should be misgoverned. Such misgovernment may sometimes be properly and profitably made the subject of remonstrance, or even in extreme cases of active interference. But before such interference is resorted to it must be clear that the whole body politic, the political world generally, will be distinctly benefited by the expulsion of TOMMY from his holding, and the installation of HARRY in it. Now, there are some people who, though they are very sorry that the Armenians or any one else should be governed as they do not like, are, in the first place, not convinced that the misgovernment is so bad as is made out, and, in the second place,

are quite convinced that any further advance of Russia in Asia Minor would be an evil as compared with which the misgovernment of an indefinite number of Armenians would have to be regretted but endured. Which thing is, indeed, but a fresh exemplification of an old difference—the difference between those who muddle and those who keep apart the sciences of ethics and politics.

COIN AND STATISTICS.

MR. GIFFEN'S demonstration that we are richer than we were is one of those things which, partly because it is agreeable to hear, and partly for other reasons which need not be specified, most men are prepared to take on trust. It is true that there are persons who, like the authorities of the market to whom Dr. PRIMROSE appealed, think there is not enough gold in the country, and others who are of opinion there is not enough silver. This generation has added the complaint that there is too much of one metal. To these grumblers, whose accuracy and intelligence may be measured by their belief that the coinage of silver is made excessive in the interest of bimetallism, Mr. GOSCHEN has made answer by the mouth of Mr. CLINTON E. DAWKINS, to the effect that there is at least more gold than there ever was before, and if more silver is being coined, it is because it is wanted. The complaint that too much silver is being coined has much the appearance of the result of a desire to complain of something. A little reflection should have shown any one, without the need of explanations from Mr. GOSCHEN, that at a time when wages are rising on all sides, more of the coin in which wages are almost universally paid was likely to be required. But the wise man will never get impatient with any folly which may be talked about coin or substitutes for coin, or means of distributing coin, because it has been proved this many hundred years that upon this subject illimitable nonsense is talked and believed in every successive generation.

MR. GIFFEN'S calculation may be the more readily taken on trust because he frankly acknowledges that it is necessarily largely based on guesswork, and that an estimate of the national capital from the national income is, from the nature of things, as good as impossible. A guess at the money value of a thing which cannot be sold is the nearest approach to poetry of which statistics are capable. That the nation is growing richer is easy to believe. All nations not periodically ravaged by Tartars, drought, or the plague, always do get richer. They do not all or always become richer at the same rate, nor does their wealth bear the same relative proportions from century to century. The rule is that a nation at the end of every generation is better off by accumulation and production than it was at the end of the previous one. How much richer it is the statistician finds great difficulty in telling, and for a very simple reason. He is necessarily compelled to express wealth in terms of money. He can find no other means of doing so. But money is not wealth. It is only an instrument of exchange, which varies incessantly in its relations to those things which are wealth. When these relations have varied sharply in a single generation, as they have in that which Mr. GIFFEN has just been surveying, it becomes as good as impossible to establish a precise comparison between one set of years and another. The calculation breaks its shins against the fall of prices or the rise of them, as the case may be. To the orthodox economist a rise in prices is no proof of great prosperity. The vulgar, including a great many persons who write on political economy, are of another opinion, but that does not matter. Neither is a fall in prices any proof that wealth is not steadily increasing. But there has been a great fall in prices since the end of the leaps and bounds time in 1875. Low prices, becoming ever lower, have ruled. When a comparison is made between the ten years ending in '75 and the ten years ending in '85, how much is to be allowed for the fall in prices? Many men give many answers. Mr. GIFFEN, who is one of the most competent, gives his with diffidence. He thinks, on the whole, that the national wealth increased 17·4 per cent. in the second decade, as against 40 per cent. in the former. This seems to be a falling off in the rate of progression. A falling off was to be expected, since 1875-85 were lean years, and yet the result is not a bad one. The increase in wealth did more than keep pace with the increase in population, which was enough. The question what calculations of this sort lead too, outside of the Inland Revenue Department, is one which it would be useless to ask

the statistician. He loves piling up figures, and it is a harmless mania. He will not alter his ways—indeed, why should he?—because of the indifference of persons who cannot be got to see much good in estimates which are forcibly expressed in terms of uncertain value. Mr. GIFFEN is for the rest very free from the common mania of statisticians. He does not think that columns of figures afford a sufficient support for political theories. On the contrary, he protested against the unintelligent use made of some of his previous calculations. To be sure, protests are of little use. Not all that Mr. GIFFEN can say will prevent a certain stamp of speculators from making a jingle with figures and calling it an argument. We do not know that this makes us love statistics any the better; but it is perhaps no reason why they should be loved the less. After all, it is in any man's power to use them properly; and the proper use of them is to supply illustration and a little sharpness of outline to the solid knowledge which is obtained by deduction from and reasoning upon facts.

AN ABUSE OF LEGAL PROCESS.

WE have all heard the celebrated retort of the advocate to the judge who accused him of wasting the public time:—"My Lord, I know no one to whom the public 'time is of more importance than it is to my clients.'" It was a fair and spirited rejoinder. The abridgment of a case merely because it is long, or because there are a great many other cases to follow it, amounts to a practical denial of justice. Last Tuesday's *Times* contains three columns of argument and judgment in the case of REICHEL v. MACKARNES and another. The report is readable enough, at least for those eccentric people who like law. Lord ESHER and Mr. Justice MATHEW are keen-witted men. Mr. REICHEL is no fool. The discussion between them has a freshness and crispness which is absent from too many works of contemporary fiction. But there are litigants in the world besides Mr. REICHEL, and Mr. REICHEL had, to put it mildly, been already heard. Mr. REICHEL's legal history, though only four years old, has been so rich and varied in detail, that a slight sketch of it will repay perusal. It is true that, through the turnings and twistings of the devious narrative one "unceasing purpose," or unflinching principle, will be found to run. Mr. REICHEL has never succeeded. No Court and no judge, despite the flattering pronouncements he has quoted in a letter to the *Times*, have ever been induced to give one single ruling in his favour. But Mr. REICHEL is not daunted by that. He is not, like Mr. FRANK HAWLEY in *Middlemarch*, afraid of "breaking his nose against some damned judge's decision." When he is beaten he appeals. When the last appeal has resulted unfavourably to him, he begins a fresh suit, which he conducts in person, and carries it to the bar of the Lords. It is pretty and plucky; but it costs time, which seems no object to Mr. REICHEL, and money, which is not his, because he sues in the form of a pauper. This is only Mr. REICHEL's fun. He has "executed a post-nuptial 'settlement,'" so that he can live in "apparent comfort, 'with a house and servants,' a bit of a New River share, 'votes for Parliament,' and everything handsome about him, while making an affidavit that he is not worth twenty-five pounds in the world, besides his clothes and his boots. The Divisional Court, treating Mr. REICHEL with extreme tenderness, refused to set aside the order which sanctioned his plea of pauperism, apparently on the ground that Mrs. REICHEL's interests ought to be protected. As the Court has stayed his suit for other reasons, the point is not a very serious one in the present case. But something ought to be done in restraint of this artificial contrivance for the manufacture of legal paupers. The Married Women's Property Acts were not intended to be used in this way. If such an employment of them were to be allowed, a millionaire who had sufficient confidence in his wife might enter upon a legal campaign with the certainty of never, in any circumstances, having to pay one farthing of costs.

The Reverend OSWALD JOSEPH REICHEL, the subject of these lines, was charged in August 1885 with conduct unbecoming a clergyman. Instead of facing the necessary inquiry, he resigned his living. He now says he was innocent, and, for all we know, he may have been. But the late Bishop of Oxford, having accepted the resignation, refused to sanction its withdrawal, and another incumbent was duly presented. Thereupon Mr. REICHEL took a

course which he had a right to take, and for which he cannot be blamed. He applied in the Chancery Division to restrain the Bishop from treating the resignation as valid, and he urged that it was only to take effect in October 1886, whereas he had cancelled it the previous July. This was a fair issue; but the judge decided it against Mr. REICHEL. The decision was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Appeal and by the House of Lords, expressly and solely because Mr. REICHEL had definitely resigned his living without any condition or qualification or postponement whatsoever. Mr. REICHEL had thus done all he could to get his view of the matter accepted, and had failed because, whatever his impressions might have been, the facts were fatal to him. Thereupon it was his duty to submit and to obey the law. But Mr. REICHEL refused to vacate his benefice, and his successor was forced to bring an action to obtain possession of the vicarage. This action Mr. REICHEL persisted in fighting, though he had not a leg to stand upon, and he took it through all the Courts up to the House of Lords. We cannot help regarding it as a public scandal that he should have been able to do so. There could be no answer to the claim put forward by the new vicar of Sparsholt, except that Mr. REICHEL had not resigned. But three Courts, including the House of Lords, had already held that Mr. REICHEL did resign. It is not for laymen to dogmatize, or even to speculate on the mysteries of estoppel. But when complaints are made of heavy costs and long arrears, it would be ridiculous, if it were not shocking, to think of the time and money wasted in trying the same case twice over, with every possible appeal in both instances. Mr. REICHEL, however, was not satisfied even then. He went before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and argued that his resignation had been obtained by fraud. Repulsed there, he still went on with the action which has just been dismissed as frivolous and vexatious. He charged the late Bishop MACKARNES and a Berkshire rural dean with conspiracy, breach of contract, fraud, undue influence, and oppression. He sought to make the executors of a dead man answerable for a libel published by the deceased, which is a solecism in law. He accused Dr. MACKARNES, on the strength of hearsay gossip, with paying a woman for making false charges against him; his suit is a monstrosity in fact. Yet he was allowed to occupy the best part of a day, and to put the Bishop's executors to serious expense, because there is no summary method of saying to a man, "Your claims have been decided against you; nothing more shall be heard of them in the Courts of this country."

THE CRONIN CASE.

WE cannot, of course, pretend to be satisfied even with the verdict—let alone the sentence—in the CRONIN case. The acquittal of Mr. "Senior Guardian" BEGGs is a particularly regrettable incident, because it was Mr. BEGGs's participation in the transactions that preceded Dr. CRONIN's "taking off" which in reality stamped the crime with its "official" character. BURKE, O'SULLIVAN, and COUGHLIN were, after all, only the human hands who executed the sentence passed in Camp 20 upon the exposé of Mr. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN; the chief of the secret conclave which condemned him must be regarded as the responsible head; and it is only when justice falls upon this portion of the anatomy of an assassination Society that an effective blow can be said to have been struck at it. Still more disappointing is the sentence passed upon the three convicted men—a sentence at which respectable American opinion, we are glad to see, is almost as much scandalized as our own. It is, of course, impossible to guess the explanation of the award of life-imprisonment only for a murder which combines the worst circumstances of cruelty and treachery with the most dangerous menace to the community in whose midst such crimes can be coolly planned and carried out; but it is to be hoped that the hypothesis of the presence on the jury of some objector, or objectors, to capital punishment may be well founded. True, it would be a reflection on the vanity of human effort if the State Attorney should have made 1,100 citizens of Chicago—or, at least, his proportion, whatever it was, of that array of rejected jurors—"stand by," in order to get a humanitarian faddist into the box after all. Still, it would be infinitely better so than that the escape of the three prisoners from the capital sentence should have been due to intimidation. We had much rather it should prove

that a majority of the jury had compromised with the prejudices of the remainder than that their consciences had trafficked with their fears.

It is, however, the uncertainty in most minds whether this last account of matters may not be the true one which has won a qualified approval, in this country, at any rate, for the verdict and sentence. Indeed, it may be said that with us the verdict has carried off the sentence; it has been such a relief to get the one that we have been in no mood to criticize the other. With the public in the United States the case is different, and we cannot be surprised that the partial failure of justice in which the trial has resulted is causing them a good deal of chagrin. They have been so much in the habit of boasting—with good cause, it is fair to admit—of the promptitude and completeness with which the great Republic can stamp out anarchy and lawlessness when she sees fit to do so, that they have been a little humiliated at finding themselves liable to some of the miscarriages in these matters which they had flattered themselves befell only the effete governments of the old world. What must make it the more galling to them is, that it is the popular element in their system of procedure which has in this case failed them. Nothing could have been more admirable than the way in which the case against Dr. CROIX's murderers was got up and presented to the jury. It reflects the highest credit on the intelligence department of the police who were entrusted with the work of providing the materials of the State Attorney's brief. But this, after all, is a branch of the administration of justice which despotic governments have shown themselves not altogether unable to manage satisfactorily. The real matter of democratic pride was that the free citizens of the Republic might, no less than judicial servants of absolutist Executives, be trusted not to bear the sword in vain. Well now, it appears that, for some reason or other, they occasionally do bear the sword, if not altogether in vain, yet to less purpose than could be wished—striking with the flat of it, so to say, instead of with the edge—and their countrymen are somewhat disappointed and scandalized accordingly. It has not apparently given them much pain to think that doctors in good practice in American cities engage in conspiracies to blow up public buildings in London with dynamite, and that members of an American detective force assassinate doctors in good practice for exposing the fact that moneys subscribed for the blowing up of public buildings in London with dynamite are diverted to less worthy objects. To us in England all this seems rather a Gilberto-Sullivanian arrangement of things; but the only point in it which appears to strike the American mind as unnatural and objectionable is the fact that the murder of the doctor in good practice by the detective and his accomplices should have been committed on American soil. This act of misconduct they hoped that an American jury would condignly punish. It has punished his act, but not condignly; and now that the sentimental American sympathizers with Parnellism have learnt that even after weeks of careful jury-sifting they cannot get a panel which can be trusted to hang three Irish assassins of the worst class, why, perhaps, the sentimental American sympathizer with Parnellism will in future lend a little less ready ear to Parnellite bunkum about jury-packing and Gladstonian declamation against the enormity of trying certain classes of Irish offenders before magistrates.

HOW TO BE DETHRONED.

THE combined apology and manifesto of the Viscount DE OURO PRETO must, we should think, have reminded not a few readers of the criticism made on the ill-placed confidences of another and more illustrious exile. Nobody who hears it can any longer wonder that the Viscount and his master are at Lisbon, and that Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA is at Rio de Janeiro. It is a treatise on the art how to be upset, and is entitled to some respect, for it is written by one who is a past master in the theory and the practice. The late Premier of the late Empire of Brazil gives us as pretty a description of an upsettable government as we have ever seen. He tells how the Administration, of which he was the chief, showed its intention to do the most risky things, and yet took no precautions to be able to do them. He records the extreme goodness of the EMPEROR as illustrated by his inability to punish dangerous people. The he wonders why

the risky things turned out ill, and is shocked that the dangerous persons turned the EMPEROR adrift. "If," cries the eloquent Viscount, "if the great principles of morality and justice are eternal, what are the faults and crimes of Dom PEDRO II.? who, during a reign of fifty years, never persecuted anybody, never bore in mind acts of ingratitude, never avenged an injury, who was ever ready to pardon, to forget, and to do good, who abolished *ipso facto* the penalty of death, who promoted by all the means in his power the interests, progress, and greatness of his fatherland, in whose service he sacrificed rest and health." It is only too probable that the Viscount is not intimately acquainted with the works of the late THOMAS CARLYLE. He may therefore not at once understand what is meant by a universal scoundrel-and-sluggard Paradise. That, however, is precisely what the Empire of Brazil seems to have aimed at being. It came, therefore, to its natural end. The sluggard did nothing to help it. The scoundrel, quite untouched by drivellings of the milk of human kindness, kicked it over. Having nothing to show for itself but correct sentiments of the most platitudinous order, it tumbled like a house of cards at the first touch. Because it erst was naught, it turned to naught.

There are touches in the Viscount's Manifesto which are worthy of the purest farce. Mr. GILBERT himself, when in the highest spirits, and applying the immortal formula of *Box and Cox* in his most severe manner, never imagined anything better than the Ministry which "had in preparation measures to maintain order in the army in case of necessity by the civil forces." We shall live in hope of seeing the hint to the comic playwright contained in this lovely sentence worked out for us on the congenial boards of the Savoy. Here was an Empire supported by an army which could not be trusted out of sight of the police, and there was no police ready to watch it. There was an EMPEROR who never annoyed any man, who, on the contrary, was ready to take all kinds of offenders to his paternal bosom. Full of the noblest sentiments, he damaged a large and important section of his subjects by taking away a valuable part of their property without compensation—the part, in fact, which made the rest worth having. One fine day the Government reflects that five or six thousand half-mutinous soldiers are unpleasant neighbours in a capital, and it decides to send them to distant and disagreeable frontier stations. Then the semi-mutineers become mutineers out-and-out. They begin by pronouncing against a Ministry, and end by pronouncing against the Empire. The Premier in whose days these things happened is greatly surprised, but he ought to have his surprise to himself. The history of the Empire of Brazil illustrates, in fact, the nature of Revolutionary Monarchy very neatly. It began in rebellion headed by a son against his father. It therefore started by breaking with all respect for any right but the right of the strongest. As long as the ruler was an energetic man too dangerous to be attacked, or as long as nobody with a fighting force at his back cared to attack it, it rubbed along. At the first serious strain down it went. A monarchy which is not merely accepted as good enough for the occasion, but as an institution based on a divine right, and part of the national life, which has grown with the nation, gets on very well with a personally feeble sovereign. Such a monarchy as the Brazilian lasts just as long as the man on the throne is capable of beating any assailant in fair fight, or intrigue either, for that matter. Now, Dom PEDRO, although personally amiable, not without a decent sense of the becoming, and adorned by humanitarian sentiments and miscellaneous scientific tastes, was obviously not the man to hold the Devil fast. If it was not that he ruled over a people with as little devil in them as any in the world, he would have gone long ago. As it is, a common barrack-room conspirator has sent him packing. The Viscount DE OURO PRETO has gloomy thoughts of the future of Brazil. This iniquitous revolution, careless of noble sentiments and the Viscount, is not, he feels, and cannot come to, good. We confess we do not expect much from it; but, after all, a population which has no stomach for fighting, which rubbed along with an Empire for which it did not care two straws, which has submitted meekly to be disposed of by six thousand half-drilled half-breeds, commanded by a vapouring nonentity, may possibly continue to rub along in a state of squalid peace and prosperity under some hotch-potch called a Republic.

THE STRANGE FREAK OF A LIVERPOOL JURY.

THE jury before whom LAURENCE BELLEW and THOMAS FITZGERALD were tried the day before yesterday at Liverpool cannot possibly have been aware of what they were doing when they found those two "exclusive dealers" guilty of an offence against the English law of conspiracy. To return such a verdict at all in any part of England would have been bad enough; but at Liverpool, of all places in England—almost within hail, as it were, of the great authority on exclusive dealing, whose dicta they have so audaciously defied—and on Thursday last, of all days in the world, the very day when Mr. PARNELL was about to explain to their fellow-citizens how really innocent and even laudable a practice "exclusive dealing" may be! Surely there could not have been a more unhappy choice of place and time for declaring the monstrously perverse opinion that a combination to indulge in this harmless practice—a combination which Mr. GLADSTONE, out of the plenitude alike of his legal knowledge and his straightforward morality, has again and again declared to be lawful in England—is an offence against 38 & 39 Vict. c. 86, section 9. Yet it is of just this infelicitous selection of opportunity that the Liverpool jury have been guilty. BELLEW and FITZGERALD were simply exercising their right of lawful (Gladstonian) combination for the purpose of preventing intending purchasers of cattle in the Salford Market from purchasing the stock brought over for sale by two men named FRIZZELL, from the Massareene estate. To effect their object, these two vindicators of the right in question haunted the market by day, and attempted to dissuade dealers from having anything to do with the FRIZZELLS and their beasts, while at night they employed themselves in threatening the landlady of the inn, at which the two men and WALSH, the constable protecting them, lodged, with the extension of the boycott to her and her establishment by all the other Irish graziers unless she turned out her unpopular lodgers. It is impossible to conceive a case which comes more completely within Mr. GLADSTONE's definition of the "exclusive dealing" on which he looks with such sympathetic tenderness. No violence was employed or even threatened by BELLEW and FITZGERALD. They simply applied whatever "moral pressure they could bring to bear upon anybody" who could contribute to their project of inducing the "cattle-dealers of Salford to make their dealings exclusive" of the cattle of the two boycotted farmers. Yet, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's assurances that this is all right and proper, and the exercise of a privilege of combination, which "we should not for a moment think of interfering with in England," we have here a Liverpool jury who, after deliberating for the appallingly brief space of three minutes, find both defendants guilty of conspiracy; and we have here also a judge who described their act as "a barefaced effort to ruin a man who was endeavouring to carry on his business"; and, after adding that "they must learn that they could not break the law with impunity" (as if any man could break the law by doing what Mr. GLADSTONE says is legal), proceeded to sentence them to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

On the evening of the day on which this singular verdict was delivered Mr. PARNELL was the guest of the Reform Club in this same city; and in the course of his after-dinner speech he discoursed impressively upon (among other things) the practice of boycotting in Ireland. With much eloquence and acumen, he pointed out how the only charge which has ever been alleged against the right of combination in Ireland on the part of the tenants is that combination leads to agrarian outrage and crime, how "boycotting had not led to agrarian outrage and crime," and how, nevertheless, Mr. BALFOUR, unlike the good Lord SPENCER, who only attacked boycotting when it led to crime, persisted in the persecution of boycotters who were boycotters only, and therefore (the argument requires) the persons who had committed no legal offence at all. Which interesting passage may or may not show that Mr. PARNELL had been already informed of the vagary of the Liverpool jury. But at any rate he knows it now, and we may suggest that he should go back and spend another night at Hawarden to obtain an opportunity of discussing it with Mr. GLADSTONE.

MR. PARNELL AT NOTTINGHAM.

THERE is something truly ludicrous in the forced ecstasies of the Gladstonians over the "moderate" and "businesslike" tone of Mr. PARNELL's speeches at Notting-

ham. It may be true, perhaps, that eulogies of this kind are good enough to be tried upon the class of intelligence which is represented by the worthy Mr. Alderman GRIPPER and his friends; but, after all, the entire English Separatist party does not consist of Aldermen GRIPPERS, and cannot be expected universally to share the naïf and open-mouthed wonder with which Mr. PARNELL's Nottingham *convives* seem to have been credited with regarding the phenomenon in question. Some, therefore, of these less foolish persons must have been tempted, one would think, to inquire with a little impatience what on earth they were assumed to have expected. Was it generally supposed that the guest of the evening would deliver another "Cincinnati speech," or that, like the dying Mr. DORRIT at Mrs. MERDLE's dinner-party, he would fancy himself back again in prison under Mr. GLADSTONE's custody, and flutter the assembled company by inquiring whether "Bob," or rather BILL, "was on the 'lock'?" Even the most childlike innocence might have been prepared to find Mr. PARNELL with his "statesman's 'stop' on, and to hear him discourse admirably of the blessings which Ireland would enjoy under Home Rule, and the mild wisdom with which she would use her "recovered freedom." As a matter of fact, he made precisely the sort of speech which the commonest of commonsense would have expected him to make, and, with the exception of a rather risky excursus into recent history—in the course of which he found himself compelled to omit the little matter of the No Rent Manifesto from his account of the Gladstonian legislation of 1881 and its immediate consequences—he confined himself strictly to the safe ground of platitudinous generalities.

To these generalities we do not propose to devote any considerable proportion of our space to-day. We admit at once that the programme which Mr. PARNELL sketches out for the Irish Parliament of the future is everything which such a programme should be. There was never any doubt of his ability, or, for that matter, of the ability of any of his young men to draw it up. The only doubtful point in this matter is, and always has been, whether there is the slightest probability of its being fulfilled. We entirely agree with Mr. PARNELL that, when the Irish people have been given "power over their own business at home, they should not use it to plot against the integrity of this great Empire, and to levy war against the QUEEN," and that they should use it to "take advantage of those industrial and mineral resources which Ireland to some extent possesses, to look after the internal drainage of the country, to improve its harbours, to develop its lines of inland navigation, to promote the prosperity of its languishing fisheries," and so forth, and so forth. Nor are we acquainted with more than three reasons why an Irish Legislature should not in fact devote itself heart and soul to such useful works. These reasons are—want of will, want of ability, and want of money. The preference or otherwise of the Irish Legislature for schemes of arterial drainage to plots against the integrity of the Empire would depend partly upon the character of the persons of whom that Legislature was composed, and partly upon the popular sentiment acting upon them from without; and, even assuming that the development of Irish prosperity and that alone is the one dream of Dr. TAXNER, Mr. O'BRIEN, and their colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party, we have yet to learn whether it is equally near to the hearts of Mr. PATRICK FORD, Mr. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, and the other Irish-American gentlemen who would, if Home Rule were granted, immediately make Ireland their happy hunting-ground, *à la* the United States of America superseded. As to money, and the ability to employ it judiciously, the total absence of the former of these requisites, and the extreme doubtfulness of the presence of the latter, are points too plain to be insisted on. The idea, indeed, that Irish Nationalists, after having steadily driven capital away from their country for years past, and now proposing to put the finishing stroke to the process by exporting what is left of the fee-simple value of the land in the pockets of expropriated Irish landlords, should thereupon undertake the enterprise of raising Ireland to a condition of prosperity "with our own money and our own resources"—this is in itself an idea which only a thoroughly "businesslike" assembly of Englishmen, such as that gathered round Alderman GRIPPER at Nottingham, could have received with sympathetic interest. The plain hard truth is, that there is no money to be got in Ireland for these or any national purposes except either from the English Exchequer, which Mr. PARNELL declines to draw upon, or out of the pockets

of the people of Ulster, upon whom he assures us that an Irish Legislature would "shower blessings." As to administrative ability—including therewith the qualities of thrift, integrity, commercial prudence, official purity, and the like—the world's whole experience of the extent to which an Assembly of needy and pushing Irishmen would be likely to show themselves equipped with these qualifications is of the most discouraging nature. Four years ago Mr. Alderman GRIPPER would, we presume, have seen all this quite as plainly as we do, and would have abounded in reasons why the fortunes of Ireland should not be committed to such hands as these. And if we were in the Alderman's confidence, we should ask him to explain how it is that the characteristics of the Irish people have changed with the change in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions.

It is not this which forms the really interesting part of Mr. PARNELL'S speech. It is his references to the political rather than to the social, the industrial, the financial future of Ireland which really concern the English reader, and these only as affording indications of Gladstonian purpose, which are never to be had from what might be supposed to be the only authorized source. From these references it is to be gathered that the Bill of 1886—and, indeed, we may say the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill—still constitutes Mr. PARNELL'S ideal settlement of the Home Rule question. The Legislature which that statesmanlike measure would have given to Ireland still strikes him, apparently, as the best of all possible Legislatures. He wouldn't have "GRATTAN'S Parliament" now if it were to be offered him, though it was "what we used to ask for, because 'we had historical precedent for it.' There was "danger of friction and mischief contained in GRATTAN'S Parliament" which is not involved in the measure of 1886, and not for worlds would Mr. PARNELL expose the relations of the two countries to the danger of friction and mischief. He objects to the system under which "supplies for the army and navy" were voted separately by the Irish Parliament, and there "was an Irish Mutiny Act, which was also passed, distinct 'from the English Mutiny Act.' He does not think that the Irish Parliament should have the power of refusing a contribution from Ireland "for the purposes either of defence 'or of foreign wars"—such a power, we suppose, being obviously unsafe to entrust to an Assembly whose loyalty to the British Crown would be absolutely beyond suspicion, and which would be linked to the British people by a "union of hearts." All this is, of course, most edifying to those interested in the study of Irish Nationalist aspirations; but to those who wish to understand the English Parliamentary situation it is less satisfactory. No doubt it is very reassuring to hear that Mr. PARNELL does not want GRATTAN'S Parliament, and that he will be quite content with the Bill of 1886. But then, unfortunately, the Bill of 1886 is dead. Its parents and guardians have so assured us a hundred times. It is dead, and has been succeeded by—what, we know not, but had cherished a faint hope that Mr. PARNELL might be able to tell us.

We do not even now say that he cannot; indeed, it is not at all unreasonable to believe that he is a far better authority on what the Home Rule Bill of the future will be—will have to be—than Mr. GLADSTONE himself. But it is quite evident that, if he can tell us, he will not. His assumed indifference to everything that has passed since 1886, to the hecklings of Mr. GLADSTONE by his own followers, to the heartsearchings of Professor FREEMAN on one side and of Mr. ASQUITH on the other, is positively sublime. To listen to him and to his calm discussion of a dead-and-buried project, one might have supposed that the echoes of Gladstonian domestic strife had never reached him, and that he had never so much as heard that Home Rule has begun to present itself to the slowly-awakened English followers of the great Home Ruler under the disagreeable alternatives of "Restoration of the Heptarchy," or practically complete severance of Ireland from the United Kingdom. But, of course, Mr. PARNELL knows all this as well as anybody. He is perfectly well aware that the old Parliamentary hand has been forced, and that Mr. GLADSTONE has been reduced to the same desperate expedient in his Irish policy as in his domestic programme—that, namely, of promising anything to anybody who threatens to give trouble if his demand is refused. And the fact that Mr. PARNELL must be so well aware of all this imparts all the more significance to his contemptuous silence. "After all," it seems to say, "it matters not a jot to me what shifts my 'revered friend may resort to for the purpose of keeping his 'very 'scratch' team of weak-kneed Liberals and Socialistic

"Radicals together. It is with me and my eighty-six 'Stalwarts' that he will have to reckon at last; and either we 'get the kind of Home Rule that we want or he shall not get 'what he wants—his re-establishment in power.' That, we have no doubt, is the way in which Mr. PARNELL looks at the situation; and, if that is his view, there is certainly no reason why he should take the slightest notice of the disputes in the Gladstonian party as to what their venerated leader either is or should be driving at. There is not even any reason why Mr. PARNELL should break silence on the subject before the general election. He may allow the Parnellite vote in the constituencies to be given to the Gladstonians without exacting from them any express and formal engagements as to their Irish policy; for that can always be arranged to his liking afterwards by means of the Parnellite vote in the House of Commons.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—THE EUROPEAN BISON.

IT is not often that visitors to the Zoo have the chance of seeing examples of so many species of wild and domesticated cattle as are to be found in the Gardens at the present time, and certainly never before have specimens of the two largest and fiercest of the wild cattle been in the collection simultaneously. Such, however, is now the case, as, in addition to the Gaur presented to the Society a short time ago, which we may add appears to be thriving immensely, they have lately been fortunate enough to receive "on deposit" a bull European Bison, or Aurochs (*Bison bonasus*)—an addition to the menagerie of no little interest; for, though this bison is not "new to the collection," it is many years since a specimen has been seen in Regent's Park; in fact, we believe we are correct in saying that the last, a cow, was obtained about twenty years since, and lived but a few weeks.

The bisons, both European and American, are unfortunately fast verging towards extinction, and though but a few years ago such a thing would have appeared impossible, there is now little doubt that the former will survive the longest, as, though its range is confined to the Caucasus and to the forest of Bialowica, in Lithuania, it is most strictly protected by the Emperor of Russia, while its unfortunate American cousin has been practically exterminated, having fallen a victim to the greed of the pelthunters. The Aurochs, now as we have said extremely restricted in its range, was originally an inhabitant of all the large forests of central Europe, and is in all probability, though the fact has been disputed by many, and notably by Cuvier, the Urus mentioned by Caesar, who described these animals as being little inferior in size to the elephant, but bulls in nature, colour, and figure, and further mentioned their great strength, speed, and fierceness. While in reality not quite so large as an elephant, or indeed as a rhinoceros, to which animal Cuvier compared it, the modern bison may fairly be described as enormous, far exceeding in size the American species, which otherwise it much resembles. Yet it, in turn, is said to be much smaller than its ancestors of quite recent times; indeed, the race is declared to be diminishing in height and weight as it decreases in numbers, though, apparently, it still retains its strength and fierceness, as it is alleged that an old bull is a match for four wolves. At the present time a large bull will stand about six feet to the top of the hump on the shoulders, and is about eleven feet long; whereas a height of seven feet and a length of thirteen feet have been recorded. The two species of bison are wonderfully alike in general appearance; they both have huge, ungainly heads, humps between the shoulders, and long shaggy manes on their heads and necks, with long beards under their chins; the hind parts are smaller than the fore, and have a comparatively weak appearance, though this is more noticeable in the American than in the European form. Again, in both cases the females are smaller and less shaggy than the male. The Aurochs, however, is by far the larger and finer animal, and, as indeed might be expected, has better horns. The two species, again, differ completely in their temperament; for, while the European bison is famous for its ferocity, the American is sluggish and timid—though this description hardly applies to the American bison bull at the Zoo, which is as bad-tempered and fierce a beast as can be found in the collection—and, in addition, has the credit of being one of the most stupid animals on earth. In fact, there is little doubt that this stupidity has been one of the causes of its destruction; for, as Captain Dodge said of it, "if not alarmed at sight or smell of a foe, he will stand stupidly gazing at his companions in their death throes, until the whole herd is shot down," and, "having made up his mind to go a certain way, it is almost impossible to swerve him from his purpose." And—the last difference between the species that we propose to mention—the Aurochs has but fourteen pairs of ribs, while the American bison has fifteen pairs.

The general colour of the European bison is a light brown; but the hair of the mane, beard, and legs, together with a stripe on the middle of the back, is much darker, almost inclining to black, while the long tuft of hair on the end of the tail is black. The hair, especially on the back and hind parts, is soft and woolly. The tongue is very blue in colour. The animal has a strong musky smell, which is very noticeable, but far from

unpleasant; this is said to be strongest in the winter, and to be lost by degrees when the animal is in confinement; and, finally, the hide is said to be double the thickness of that of a domestic bull. The Aurochs at the Zoo is a fine adult bull, and is certainly a magnificent animal, standing, as near as we can judge, about seventeen hands at the shoulder. It is to be seen in the easternmost of the "Cattle sheds," next to the shed in which the American bison are kept (in which latter, by the way, a bison calf was born a few days since, a beautiful little animal, well worth a visit). As yet it prefers to remain in its shed, not having fully recovered from the fatigues and dangers of its journey; indeed, though it has been in its present quarters since Nov. 25, the poor beast is still most woefully stiff and strained, the result of being sent for a sea voyage of many days' duration in a large case or crate, the bottom of which was perfectly smooth, instead of being furnished with cross-pieces fastened to the floor to give its inmate a foothold. However, though so stiff that it can neither lie down, nor, when down, get up again with any comfort, it seems to be feeding well, and we hope, therefore, that it may live and thrive, and also that it may become the property of the Society.

SOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

A VERY pretty book is *The Quiet Life*, with drawings by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons (London: Sampson Low & Co.), though some there may be who would like less slippery paper, a less close approach to "niggling" in some of the illustrations, and different methods of rendering these, so as to give the clear and vigorous style of the old engraving, rather than the blurred and characterless smoothness of the modern process. Mr. Austin Dobson, who prologues and epilogues the selection with charming verses of his own, is the last man not to have felt the difficulty of his task; for here are Marvell's "Garden," and Cowley's "Wish," and Præd's "Quince," and "The Vicar," and Pope's "Solitude," and Randolph's delightful "To Master Anthony Stafford." A worshipful company to usher, a right difficult one to consort with and not seem misplaced. Yet does Mr. Dobson show nobly even with them, though, as all who know his style will expect, he has not "put himself forward." The illustrations are of course very numerous, and some of them are very pretty, a certain want of directness—as, for instance, in the frontispiece—being their chief fault. The difference between a book illustration and a picture generally—that the latter need not in the least, while the former must, tell a story—is too much forgotten by our illustrators, and the young woman in the frontispiece referred to is nearly as characterless as if she had been drawn by Mr. Small. Indeed, the landscapes and the head and tail-pieces please us in general better than the figures. Some of the latter, however—as, for instance, the village belles listening to Quince—are excellent. "The Vicar" is rather less happily caught. But Mr. Abbey's somewhat rococo antique is most at home with the piece from Randolph, which, indeed, could hardly fail to inspire him. Only the "process-server" here deserves as hearty execration as ever was bestowed by Irishmen with an objection to pay tithes. *Vide* more especially p. 86.

Another beautiful book by the same illustrators, but published by Macmillan & Co., is *Old Songs*, this time unintroduced by any modern writer. Seventeen there are of them, and a sweet seventeen they make. "I loved a lass, a fair one," opens the ball, and is well followed, the best of the following being, in different keys, the "Leather Bottel," "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen" (but nowadays the Criminal Law Amendment Act has made this—Heaven save the mark!—"improper"), "Barbara Allen," "Sally in our Alley," "Kitty of Coleraine," and "Phillida" [the editors spell it, with strict fidelity to the original we own, "Phillida"] flouts me." What we have said, both as to the design and as to the execution, of the other volume applies also here. The best, to the first piece, is Mr. Abbey's excellent plate of the midnight walk, though we do not like the face of either lover. All those which accompany "With Jockey to the Fair" are good, and "Sweet Nelly" is very sweet, though a little Madge Wildfire in array. Good, too, are those of the "Leather Bottel"; but the toasting party who set at all from fifteen to fifty are spoilt by reproduction. "Barbara Allen" herself we like as well as any young woman of Mr. Abbey's we have ever seen. "Sally" is not so nice, and we do not want "Kitty" at all. But "Phillida" makes amends for anything.

That Mr. Joseph Pennell's *Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen* (London: Macmillan) is one of the handsomest books of the kind ever produced is a mere statement of fact, though the (let us say, in order not to risk the curse attendant on looking gift-horses in the mouth) disguised blessing of process haunts us even here. In part, however, the execution of those plates which are on un-sized paper (for the quality of this medium has much more to do with the matter than seems to be sometimes thought) redeems the processes. And if Mr. Pennell had done nothing else but protest against the extraordinary misuse of the term "etched" for pen-drawn, which occurs in the most unlikely places, he would have won much forgiveness; though we doubt ourselves whether anything but real etching can do justice in reproduction to real pen-drawing. Some American weaknesses (such as the absurd statement that "technique is as great to-day as in any former

time." Will Mr. Pennell be so very good as to point our blind eyes to the Rembrandts by dozens, the Lionardos in shoals, who encumber our exhibitions?) have also to be forgiven, and, indeed, the letterpress of the book concerns us little. No doubt when Mr. Pennell pushes bad taste and absurdity so far as to say that "it is affectation for an artist to-day to model his style on Dürer," certain sharp sayings leap to the tongue or pen; but they may be repressed. Let us concern ourselves, not with Mr. Pennell's criticism, which is generally execrable, but with his examples, which are, despite their defects of medium, almost always delightful. The "Comparative Heads," with which he opens, from Dürer, Vandyck, Rossetti, Madrazo, and others, are well worth study. The Fortuny opposite p. 36 is infinitely profitable in the same way, and so in a somewhat different way is the first *hors texte* subject from Daniel Vierge. The full villainy of process could not be better illustrated than in the Montalti on p. 47, though the Fabrès following makes some amends. Far above either of these is the architectural study, softened by the paper it is printed on, from Martin Rico. On another plate close by, the head from A. Casanova y Estorach, one might write a small volume. It is extremely clever, but it is emphatically quack work; the slashes and cross-hatchings giving the impression that the artist thought by these means to produce in black and white something like a portrait of the Brescian school in colour. Very different is the head from Menzel, which occurs a little later. But nothing that we meet after it for some time pleases us half so well as a "Cup and Cover," by A. Stucki, though as a book illustration the girl by Waldemar Frederick, opposite p. 86, is good. M. Lhermitte needs little praise to those who know his work; and M. Detaille is too well known to make either praise or blame necessary. The same may be said of "Mars," of M. L. Leloir, and others; but Mr. Pennell is probably alone in having heard M. A. Lançon, excellent draughtsman of beasts though he be, called the "Cat-Raphael." Of our own countrymen, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Madox Brown, and the President lead off; but the pen-drawing quality of the work of neither is so noteworthy as is that of Mr. T. B. Wirgman. Several of our friend Mr. *Punch's* men follow, and Mr. Walter Crane, and Caldecott, and then a multitude of juniors, after whom we pass to America; and a very large, and naturally large, share of attention America has. Altogether the book is delightful to turn over; less delightful, except to the satirist, to read.

A new edition of Mr. Jessop's very popular *Jackdaw of Rheims* is accompanied by a companion Ingoldsby volume, *Nelley Abbey* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), which, no doubt, will be as popular as its forerunner.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. send us a handsome volume, *Twenty-five Drawings of some Places of Note in England*, by Birket Foster, with short descriptions by the artist. "The twenty-five places" include Bamfborough (a graceful and effective drawing, but a little delusive as representing the original); Bolton Abbey (very well sketched, but, like Bamfborough, somewhat "thrown up"); a view of King's Parade, Cambridge, in which the gingerbread screen obscures the mighty chapel; a much better one of Canterbury from St. Martin's Hill; a very good plate of the Chester "Rows," taken from within; a rather prettified Eton; Hampton Court (brought nearer the river than it actually is—this seems a besetting sin of Mr. Foster's); Knaresborough, Lazenby ("translated" a little); the High at Oxford, conventionally but well grouped at the usual, and almost the only possible, point between Queen's and University; the Tower (again conventionalized a little); Winchester, from a point which does not permit of giving the great characteristic of the cathedral—its enormous length; Windsor (very good of its kind), and a few others. All are interesting locally; all are elegant pictures; and, if art has sometimes done an unnecessary utmost with them, that is not a very bad fault.

Mr. M. B. Huish has edited (London: Virtue & Co.) a new issue of Turner's *Seine and Loire*, about which it is difficult, if not impossible, to say anything new critically, but which the editor has managed to introduce and annotate very successfully. We have only one fault to find with the volume, that by some maladroitness the tissue-paper guards stick to the plates and refuse to come away without tearing. Of the plates themselves, as we have said, there is little new to say. They are not exactly faithful; they set an example of idealizing localities which in hands not of genius has been only too much followed; but the charm of them is quite unique. To see such a plate as the well-known "Amboise" is never to forget it. Perhaps it is not Amboise, but it is something better.

On *Active Service*, by Mr. W. W. Lloyd, late of the 24th regiment (London: Chapman & Hall), is a rather slight, but thoroughly unpretentious, and not by any means unamusing, record of military scenes in chromolithography. The difficulties of stowing away under regulation weight the furniture of a too luxurious barrack-room; the morning coffee on board ship; signalling interrupted by turbaned black persons with tulwars; the atrocious conduct of certain British gunners who, under a misapprehension, practised (luckily very wide) with seven-pound shells at a harmless group of Kaffir maidens; the painful effect of a night alarm on a perhaps not equally harmless bottle of "square-face"; more than one death in the desert; a heroic cook not merely defending the sacred marmite, but resting his rifle on it; the drawbacks of sleeping bags when the enemy comes up suddenly, and the very literal manner in which a camelman may

find himself "up a tree," are only a few of a collection of cheerful and by no means ill-drawn pieces.

Flowers of Paradise (London: Macmillan & Co.) is what, we suppose, most people would call a pretty book, but it is one in which the aim is better than the execution. The "music, verse, design, and illustration" are all by Reginald Hallward. Of the music of Reginald Hallward we say nothing; but in the verse of Reginald Hallward the great genius of Reginald Hallward has, we fear, deserted him. Here is a specimen:—

Children ye have but to take it,
That fair robe of orient hue;
Stretch thy little hand toward it—
God has given all things to you.

This is a verse which might make Blake depict Mr. Hallward in the grasp of a particularly lurid worm somewhere in the infernal regions, while the milder genius of Watts veiled a but half-protesting brow. This same poem is illustrated with an angel of such surpassing hideousness and vulgarity, that we fear no one of the angelic fraternity will care to fly down and take Mr. Hallward out of the worm's grasp. The design and illustration generally suggest a hopelessly corrupt following of Japanese models, seen through a wavy mist of Mr. Crane, Miss Greenaway, and Miss Greenaway's French imitators. In fact, it is very long indeed since we had the honour of seeing anything, on the whole, worse.

A cheap reproduction of *Randolph Caldecott's Sketches*, edited by Henry Blackburn (London: Sampson Low & Co.), will be welcome, and deservedly welcome, to many. They are of all sorts and kinds, and they come from all sorts of places. "Young Lochinvar," "The Irish Landlord," and "Toy Country" are not more agreeable in one way than the "Morning Walk" (of storks), the Law-Court sketches, and "Somebody's Coming" are in another; or than that inspiration of an elder day, the "Ladies' Battle," with its sequel, in a third; or the "Passing Glimpse of a Gentleman whom I took to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer" in a fourth. In fact, these scrappy things are often much more amusing than the artist's better-known work when he became fashionable.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present Exhibition of Painters in Water-Colours is an interesting one, although many of its most celebrated members are absentees this winter. But Mr. Burne Jones, who has been lately recalled to the bosom of the Society, bravely supports it with his fourteen lovely drawings and studies; while of Mr. Albert Goodwin's numerous contributions, one at least, the "Eton" (48), will be welcomed by his many admirers. The three water-pieces of Mr. Henry Moore, though there is little to be said about them, are delightful. The ladies are well represented by Mrs. Allingham and Miss Clara Montalba, who between them exhibit no less than twenty drawings; Mrs. Allingham, deserting her usual bowery gardens for strips of English coast, while Miss Montalba remains faithful to her early love, Venice, whose fascinating façades she delights to portray under their ever-changing aspects of sunshine and shower.

By Mr. Burne Jones are two life-size drawings (217, 223) in pencil, of the head of a young girl, of which the one in profile is, perhaps, the more perfect of the two in its firm, graceful outlines and good modelling. Two drawings in long, narrow frames—"Allegorical Statues in the Wall of the Garden of Idleness" (218, 224), the subject taken from Chaucer's *Romance of the Rose*—represent the façade of a building along whose front are ten niches, in each of which stands a greyish bronze statue of an evil quality. Hate, Envy, Jealousy, and the rest of that unpleasant set are there, all huddled up and distorted by their wicked passions. An Early Italian gentleman, enveloped in a long greenish cloak, strolls by, and turns uneasily on his heel as he gazes from one to the other of these strange hosts. Between each niche is inserted a large slab of marble of a ruddy-fawn or green-grey tint, and near these linger several gentle spotted antelopes, from whose refined faces gaze out their innocent eyes; their spotted tan hides form a pleasant scheme of colour with the tones of the marbles. Along the top of the wall are nestled little white marble *amorini*. Of the studies in silver-point of figures and drapery, 216 and 219 are very beautiful. In the one a slim form bends on one knee, and holds one raised arm folded across her head, the drapery clinging closely to the figure in small folds; while in the other the position is a more recumbent one, and the drapery is treated more broadly and simply. In the "Design in Gold and Black" (215) the composition needs concentration; it looks flat; the attendant figures around the main figure appear too monotonously posed. Of "Two Studies of Figures for Picture" in one frame (227), the one of a sleeping girl reclining against a high-backed bench is full of graceful beauty, and is an example of fine draughtsmanship.

In contrast to the refinement of Mr. Burne Jones may be observed Mr. Walter Crane's "Two Sketches for a Picture—The Roll of Fate" (256), where the figures look somewhat heavy and voluptuous, while his "Beauty sat Bathing" (259) is neither striking nor interesting in any way. But of Mr. Crane's several effective drawings in white line upon a brown surface the best is "Sketch for a figure of Diana" (255), the goddess holding a couple of slim hounds in leash, forming a very pretty group, but

one which is too obviously copied from Mr. Thornycroft's famous statue. Several spirited studies of animals by the late Mr. Frederick Tayler, of high-mettled horses, of shaggy Highland cattle—in their natural state, not groomed to sleekness, as so much of the modern Scotch scenery is—are excellent; while the drawings of dogs give most happily their various expressions and characters. Of Mr. Marks's several birds, his white "Sulphur-crested Cockatoo" (297) strikes us as being the best; he looks like a white-whiskered, Roman-nosed old general, of the pleasant garrulous description that we have all known; in fact, he is quite a bird of the old school!

By Mr. Glindoni are three figures drawn neatly and coloured gaily, "The War Chart" (22), a man in a red coat studying a map spread out on the top of a drum; "The Pedlar" (46), with a red nose, bearing before him his diversified wares, displayed on his open pack; and "Say I'm not at Home" (266), a gaily-dressed elderly bachelor, toasting his knees before a fire, with a table drawn up close to it, on which is spread an elegant repast; these are, all of them, cleverly handled. Mr. J. D. Watson's pretty "Robinson Crusoe" (196), clad in a sky-blue shirt, holding a red pipe, and chatting intimately—almost jocosely—to a green parrot, is a typical boyhood's hero. "The Poisoned Cup" (189) is more worthy of Mr. Watson's old reputation. The figure of the cup-bearer, clad in green and white—his face as white as his doublet—standing at an open cupboard, while he pours the poison from a phial into the crystal cup of ruby-coloured wine, makes an effective piece of colour, seen as it is against the full-toned gold wall at his back.

In landscapes, Mr. Pilsbury has some charming country scenes, of which "Somersetshire Cottages" (119) is a delightful specimen of an unspoilt English village; it shows a street with houses close against the road, and crowds of hardy flowers, chiefly nasturtiums, bursting through the irregular wooden palings of the tiny gardens. Mr. David Murray has several of his numerous tribe of sketches of hill-sides. In "Over the Moor, among the Heather" (173), the hill-tops and trees seen against the sky are neatly suggested; but some pleasanter way of obtaining a foreground could surely be secured than by scratches with the eraser, which has been here very freely and heavily applied.

Mr. North's "Cherry Trees in Autumn" (182) shows a clearing in an undulating wooded country, grey hills lying low beyond, with a straggling group of crimson-leaved wild cherry-trees in front, of that wonderful red that these trees assume after a sharp frost; a tiny kingfisher sits pensively on a twig near the ground in front, regarding with sidelong glance a small pool of water. Mr. North has been very successful in this drawing. Of Miss Clara Montalba's many drawings, "The Façade of San Giorgio" (197) does not seem to agree well with its inky-skied background; but her group of "Fishing Boats" (290)—some golden-sailed, and others with cream-white sails, yellow-tipped—resting almost motionless in mid-water, forms a charming patch of colour. Mr. Herbert M. Marshall also has a good study of beached boats, with their sails drying, in his "St. Ives" (167).

MR. WINDOM'S SILVER PLAN.

THE chief interest felt in the meeting of the United States Congress centred in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and particularly in that part of it which was expected to deal with the Silver question. The Bland Act was passed for the express purpose of keeping up the price of silver, but it has utterly failed, and the price of the metal has gone on falling year after year. In the present Congress the Silver party is strong, and it has been known for some time that the leaders intended to introduce a measure for the amendment of the Bland Act. The more extreme are in favour of free coinage—that is, opening the Mints for the coinage of any quantity of the metal sent in by any person whatsoever. The more moderate would be satisfied to leave the coinage in the hands of the Government, provided the amount minted was increased. Knowing the intention of the Silver party, it was understood that Mr. Windom intended to recommend a measure of his own. Various reports as to the nature of this measure were afloat, but it turns out that the Secretary of the Treasury had kept his secret well, for his proposals differ from everything that had been foreshadowed. He explicitly condemns the several plans of the Silver party, and very clearly points out the mischief that would follow if any of them were adopted. In their place he propounds a scheme of his own. Briefly stated, it amounts to this—to repeal the Bland Act altogether, and stop once for all the coinage of silver; but, on the other hand, to open the Mints of the United States for the free deposit of silver bullion in unlimited quantity, and to foreigners and natives alike. He recommends that notes be issued on the security of these deposits equal in amount to the actual market value of the silver at the date of deposit, the notes to be redeemable in silver bullion at the market value of the day on which redemption takes place. But if the Government so chooses it is to have the option to redeem the notes in gold, or if the note-holder wishes he is to have the option to be repaid in silver dollars. Further, the notes are to be receivable for all taxes, and to count as part of the reserves of the National Banks. In other words, they are to be legal tender. The effect of the scheme, if it be approved, may be thus stated. Suppose an owner of silver were to deposit in the Mint 100 ozs.

of the metal, and at the time of deposit the market price were to be a dollar per oz., he would receive 100 dollars as payment for the deposit. If the price were to rise, so that 100 dollars would purchase in the market only 90 ozs. of silver, then, if the holder of the notes wished to withdraw the bullion, he would receive only 90 ozs. instead of the 100 which he had deposited; but the 90 ozs. would still be worth the 100 dollars. On the other hand, if the price of silver were to fall, so that 100 dollars would purchase 110 ozs. of bullion, the note-holder on presenting his notes for redemption would receive 110 ozs. It will be seen that under the scheme the United States Government would take the risk of loss or gain; in other words, it would become a great speculator in silver. Mr. Windom sees very clearly that the mine-owners of the world would have a strong temptation to combine for the purpose of raising the price, and to guard against this he asks for a discretion temporarily to suspend deposits when he has reason to believe that a combination is formed against him. It is always rash to predict what a legislative assembly will do, especially when it sits 3,000 miles away, and is elected by constituencies scattered over an area as large as all Europe. Still it is difficult to believe that power such as this will be given to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Windom is a man of character, who has done nothing to warrant us in supposing that he would abuse the power if it were vested in him; but who can say as much respecting his successors? A corrupt man might, by suddenly suspending deposits, not merely alarm all silver holders and cause a fall in the metal, but might throw the money market of the United States into confusion, for the issue of silver notes would be suspended whenever deposits were stopped; thus he would cause a fall in all prices. And by as suddenly resuming deposits he might cause a rise. Even if the Secretary were himself uncorrupt, he might be deceived by less scrupulous persons, or he might be wanting in judgment and might do as much mischief as if he were personally dishonest. Still it is possible that the Silver party may accept the proposals, and may attempt to hedge round the discretion to be given to the Secretary by precautions that in their opinion would prevent it from being abused.

If they do, and if the measure is worked as they would wish, it clearly must raise the price of silver very considerably. It will be seen that the United States Treasury will issue notes on the deposits of silver according to the market price of the day. What the Treasury will give, therefore, will really be determined by the price in London. Assuming, therefore, that the Act is passed, it will be to the interest of the mine-owners to restrict the supplies of the metal in London, in the hope thereby of forcing up the price, and to deposit in the American mints the greater part of the world's output. Mr. Windom argues that the mine-owners of the United States and Mexico may do this, but that it is unlikely other producers will, because they would get no more in Washington than they would get in London, and they would be at the extra expense of sending the bullion across the Atlantic. But the Secretary of the Treasury fails to see that this small extra expense would be more than recouped if the price were raised in London, for then all fresh deposits would be paid for at an enhanced rate. As, however, there is a proviso in the scheme that, however speculation may drive up the price, the Mints are never to pay for the deposits more than one dollar for 412½ grains of standard silver, which is the amount now contained in the legal tender silver dollar, the price could never rise above the equivalent of one ounce of gold for sixteen ounces of silver. But assuming that other nations did not take advantage of the opportunity to sell their silver, and that the production was not greatly increased, the price might reach that height. The Secretary of the Treasury thinks that other nations would not sell their silver, since the only countries which hold very large amounts of it are those which form the Latin Union, and they require the silver as a guarantee for their notes. He holds, on the contrary, that the proposal if adopted would be likely to induce European nations to co-operate with the American Government in rehabilitating silver. Even if this be so, it seems evident that a considerable rise in the price of silver must very greatly stimulate production. We all know that the operations of the Copper Syndicate in Paris did last year very greatly increase the output of copper, and it is reasonable to expect that the same result would follow from action on the part of the United States Government, which is very like that of the Paris Copper Syndicate. The low price of silver has compelled the closing of many mines. A much higher price would enable these to be reopened, and would afford an inducement to the owners of the richer mines to increase their output. The probability, therefore, is that the first result of the measure, supposing it to be adopted, would be a sharp rise in silver; the second, a great increase in the production; and the third, unless a general international agreement was made, a fall in the price. It is obvious also that the measure would lead to very wild speculation. Mr. Windom endeavours to prevent this by reserving power to the American Government to redeem the silver notes in gold. When silver had temporarily fallen but was likely to advance speculators would have a motive for withdrawing the bullion from the Treasury in order to wait for the rise. In the same way, when a fall seemed probable they would have an inducement to deposit largely in order to wait for the fall, and then present their notes for redemption and receive an increased quantity of bullion. These manoeuvres, he contends, could be prevented if the Secretary were judiciously to exercise his discretion to redeem the notes in gold. We have, however, little confidence in the efficacy

of precautions such as these. When all the speculators of the world are banded together against a single department of a single Government, the chances are great that they will succeed. Even without going outside the United States, we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Jay Gould alone would prove too much for Mr. Windom and his subordinates. So clearly are all these objections recognized in this country, that the opinion of the City is that Congress will never accept the recommendations. And in consequence there has been a fall in the price of silver. We do not see the reasons for the fall, for the Secretary of the Treasury's scheme proves that he believes the Silver party to be strong enough to carry some measure for increasing the purchases of the metal by the American Government. But the market here is impressed by Mr. Windom's condemnation of the various plans put forward by the Silver party, and fears, therefore, that any Bill forced through Congress by that party, if different from Mr. Windom's recommendations, may be vetoed by the President.

There are other objections to the scheme which more immediately affect the United States. We have pointed out above that, if it were to be adopted, mine-owners would have a strong inducement to withhold supplies from the London market, and to deposit in the Mints of the United States by far the greater part of the annual output. Must not a time come, therefore, in which there will be a physical difficulty to provide storage for the immense accumulation of bullion? Mr. Windom frankly states that he and his predecessors have done their utmost to get silver dollars into circulation, that they have failed, and that, therefore, he is driven to the conclusion that it is mischievous to coin any more. The accumulation, therefore, cannot be materially lessened, and every year that passes it will become more and more troublesome to deal with. That is a small matter compared with another difficulty. However rapidly the United States may grow in wealth and population, a time must come when it will be impossible to increase the issue of silver notes. No doubt the redemption of debt will decrease the banknote circulation, and for a while, therefore, will make room for silver notes. When the banknotes are all withdrawn, the Government may, if it pleases, redeem the greenbacks, and thus make room for further issues of silver notes to the amount of 70 millions sterling. But when the greenbacks as well as the banknotes are all withdrawn, how is provision to be made for an indefinite increase of the note circulation? It seems clear, at some time or other, gold must be driven altogether out of the country. If the American people were deliberately to make up their minds that a silver standard is as good as gold, and were, therefore, to adopt the former, they might suffer no great harm; but they have not so made up their minds. On the contrary, they desire to hold a considerable quantity of gold as well as of silver; yet this scheme, if adopted, would lead necessarily to such an issue of silver notes as in the long run must drive gold out of the country. When that comes to be recognized, it is highly probable that the money market will be thrown into alarm, that people will begin to hoard gold, and that then it will rise to a premium. Nor is it to be forgotten that the United States Government has contracted with its creditors to pay the interest and the principal of its debt in gold. If the holders of United States bonds begin to fear that gold may be driven out of the country, and that consequently the Government may not be able to fulfil its contracts, the credit of the United States will seriously suffer. It may be replied that the debt will be all redeemed before the danger becomes serious. Even if that be the case, there remains the vast mass of industrial securities of all kinds which are payable in currency. While specie payments were suspended in the United States it will be recollected that railway and other industrial Companies issued bonds of very large amounts, payable in currency—that is to say, in paper. Since the resumption of specie payments the interest and principal have both been paid in gold, and consequently there is now in public opinion no difference between the gold bonds and the currency bonds. But, if Mr. Windom's scheme were to be adopted, it is clear that the currency bonds might be paid, principal and interest, in silver; and what would be the effect of that upon the market for American railroad securities? Ingenious, then, as the scheme undoubtedly is, and carefully as it evidently has been studied by the Secretary of the Treasury, it has not been thoroughly thought out. It is nearly, if not quite, as vicious as the plans of the Silver party, and it is difficult to believe, therefore, that it can ever pass through Congress.

THE LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

THE time is past for stigmatizing what calls itself the Impressionist School as one founded wholly on principles of the negation of art. The French group which formed itself around Manet, and which taught so much to Bastien-Lepage, Duez, Dagnan-Bouveret, and others who never belonged to it, has now enlarged and become a power in art-life. We may deplore the extent to which it has been welcomed, but the degree of its success cannot be doubted; and, now that the thing has crossed the Channel, and that we have a Society of London Impressionists of our own, it is our duty not to puff them away, but seriously to consider their claims. The first exhibition of the

London Impressionists, who are ten in number, is now open in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, and fills the same room which was so lately adorned by the works of their Parisian colleague, M. Monet.

Of these ten gentlemen, two are not, in the accepted sense, Impressionists at all. Mr. Francis E. Jones contributes twelve examples which are simply water-colour sketches of scenery, washed in very rapidly and, we are bound to add, often very skilfully. His sunny simple drawing called "Uddimore" (11), and his "Westfield" (14), bathed in the pensive air of summer evening, would take their place in any collection of landscape sketches; but why they should be called Impressionist we cannot conjecture. Mr. Frederick Brown's pictures come under the same category. They are vigorous sketches, and one of them, "Walterswick Church" (46), seen looming across the moor on a hazy afternoon, is a very fine piece of work, admirable in tone and well drawn. But it has absolutely nothing in common with the Manet or the Monet trick.

The rest certainly unite in trying to render out-of-door effects in the manner first introduced by the former of the French painters just mentioned. Manet was a painter wholly devoid of the colour-sense, possessing an eye singularly little tamed by accepted convention, and lacking perseverance in execution. He succeeded in painting a scene with striking effect up to a certain still elementary point, and could carry it no further. He determined at last to found a school whose principle should be to stop at that elementary point, and he found plenty of imitators. That Manet was superior to his school, and that he was progressing in knowledge and skill at the time of his lamented death, no one who saw his "Bar des Folies-Bergères" at the Salon of 1882 could doubt. The influence of this work is strong still; it is particularly strong on Mr. Walter Sickert, who makes music-halls his speciality. His "P.S. Wings in an O.P. Mirror" (69) is, no doubt, a clever transcript of something Mr. Sickert has seen; but it is blurred, incoherent, unintelligible. "Little Dot Hetherington at the Bedford" (65) is still more ambitious, with its blaze of light concentrated on the youthful performer. But it is the inherent fault of all these compositions that they are dull and abstruse versions of what is nothing if not perfectly clear and brilliant. Mr. Bernhard Sickert's six sticky oil-paintings are in the same manner, but much more amateurish.

A real gift has not been denied to Mr. Sidney Starr, though he has trained it strangely. "The City Atlas" (6), which shows the back of a large girl in a purple dress, with the sunset down Oxford Street beyond her, is clever, and would be positively pleasing if the colour were not so distressing. There is skill and a smart effect in "The Shop Girl" (4), and in "The Marble Arch" (1), in spite of the crude greens of the foliage in the latter. Mr. Starr's most pleasing work here is "Still Life" (9), a silver tea-service set out under trees. Mr. George Thomson paints in oils with a very clumsy touch, but he has evidently studied Monet to some purpose, and where no delicacy is required he sometimes produces a cumulative effect which is rather fine. No one who admits the possibility of such art as this being accepted at all should deny power and a certain gorgeousness, too, in "In Kew Gardens" (22), where the contrast between the massed beds of scarlet geraniums and the pale paths and deep background of foliage is extremely bold and rather happy.

Mr. P. Wilson Steer is the most extravagant of all. His landscapes, especially 38 and 40, are simply and crudely horrid. But he has a certain happy knack of rendering the effect of an open sea-beach, and his radiantly amethystine "Tidal Pool" (39), if you stand far enough back from it, is almost beautiful. Mr. Paul F. Maitland deserves our thanks for, at least, eschewing the hideous lilacs and purples that most of his colleagues are enamoured of. He leans rather to Mr. Whistler's method than to that of Manet and Monet. His studies of London streets are pale and delicate, in tones of buff and pearl-grey; the best examples are "The Gardens, Chelsea Embankment" (47), and "Milman's Row, Chelsea" (51). Mr. Theodore Roussel also affects the Chelsea neighbourhood. He is more ambitious than Mr. Maitland and has less taste. His "Opalescent Evening, Chelsea" (55), is a huge expanse of unpleasant violet-blue, which has nothing "opalescent" about it, and suggests neither "evening" nor "Chelsea." It is curious that some of these grotesque painters have more skill in the figure than they are willing to show, as a beautiful silver point by Mr. Thomson, the "Pretty Rose Pettigrew" (35) by Mr. Steer, and the portrait (58) by Mr. Roussel accidentally prove. Mr. Francis Bate, finally, paints very rough landscapes in ugly colour; "Christchurch, Hants" (60), is the least offensive of them.

RECENT CONCERTS.

IN "St. John's Eve," a short Cantata produced at the last Crystal Palace Concert, Mr. Cowen has advisedly returned to the style of music for which he is best fitted. With the single exception of the Scandinavian Symphony, none of his more ambitious works have given any signs that his talent can produce music of lasting value in the highest realms of his art, whereas his smaller compositions show that as a writer of graceful trifles he has few equals. It is with these latter, rather than with his "Ruth" and "St. Ursula," that "St. John's Eve" must be

classified; and if the work is not altogether a success, the reason is that its composer is not always satisfied with confining himself to the style in which he excels, but too often courts failure by attempting to do what is, with the means at his command, an impossibility. The libretto of "St. John's Eve" is from the prolific pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, but it will not rank with his happiest efforts. The story it unfolds is of the simplest. Nancy, a "Village Maiden," is beloved by Robert, a "Young Villager," whose attentions she repulses on the advice of Margaret, an "Ancient Dame"; she gathers a rose on Midsummer Eve, in order to keep it until Christmas Day, when, according to tradition, it will remain fresh, and her future husband will come and claim it. After the rose is gathered a serenade is sung by an anonymous "Young Squire." Nothing further happens for six months, but on Christmas Day Nancy appears at the young Squire's house wearing the unfaded rose, which is snatched from her by Robert. She, however, refuses to marry him, and all ends happily by the young Squire informing the assembled villagers that the rose Nancy wears was substituted by him for the flower gathered on St. John's Eve. Why he should have waited so long before acknowledging his passion to Nancy, and why eventually he should have adopted so needlessly troublesome a stratagem, does not appear; these questions seem, indeed, to occur to the simple villagers, for with a sudden burst of candour they exclaim, "What all this means is hard to tell"; but it is scarcely fair to criticize seriously a plot of so very unpretentious a character, which, after all, answers its purpose sufficiently well in affording the composer a peg upon which to hang his pretty tunes. It is in the lighter portions of the work that Mr. Cowen is most successful. The best number is an orchestral interlude representing a dance round the bonfire on Midsummer's Eve. In this ingenious use has been made of two old English melodies; the delicate scoring and grace of the music make the hearer wish that the composer would confine himself to writing ballet music, for in this style of composition it would be hard to find his equal. Another good number is Margaret's scena, "You, Susan, when the midnight bell," in the first part; the concluding love duet is also in the composer's best manner, and, delivered as it was on Saturday by Miss MacIntyre and Mr. Edward Lloyd, produced considerable effect. The music for Robert, on the other hand, is some of the weakest in the work; for Mr. Cowen has not the necessary power of dramatic characterization which the part requires. Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang Robert's music, was obviously suffering from the effects of a severe cold, which rendered his ungrateful task still more difficult. The choral singing throughout showed distinct signs of improvement; the Crystal Palace Choir has not been heard to such advantage for a long time. "St. John's Eve," though it may not add to the composer's reputation, will probably prove an acceptable work among country choral societies, where light and pleasing melodies are more in request than works of depth and imagination. The remainder of Saturday's concert consisted of an excellent performance of Beethoven's Overture to *Fidelio*, and of a Ballad for Baritone Solo, Male Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ by Grieg, which was announced as a first performance in England, though the work was produced by Miss Holland's Choir some few years ago. Grieg has hitherto produced so few choral works that his setting of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's *Land-Kenning* would awaken interest quite apart from its merits as a composition. Fortunately these are considerable, and the whole work ranks well among the best which the Norwegian master has given to the world. The subject of the Ballad is one of the semi-mythical adventures which have gathered round the name of Olaf Trygvason, the greatest of the early kings of Norway. The musical setting is constructed upon very simple lines, but it is admirably adapted to the solemn dignity of the subject, and the national colouring of the themes is never obtrusively prominent, as is too often the case with Grieg's music. *Land-Kenning* deserves to be often heard; within its limited extent it is an admirable work.

The programme of the last of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts contained a novelty in the shape of a "Notturmo" by Mozart, which had not previously been heard in London. The work presents some interesting peculiarities owing to its being written for four small orchestras, each one consisting of two violins, viola, violoncello, and two horns. Three of these orchestras are used only for elaborate echo effects, in the following manner:—When the first orchestra comes to the end of a passage, at the last bar the second orchestra takes up either the whole passage, or the last four bars of it; at the end of which the third orchestra takes up the last three bars, and is succeeded by the fourth, which repeats the last two bars. This intricate construction is maintained throughout the Andante, Allegretto, and Menuetto, of which the work consists; in the trio of the last movement alone the echoes are silent. Although the "Notturmo" partakes somewhat of the nature of a puzzle, the music is singularly fresh and bright. Mozart's genius was so spontaneous that it could not be fettered by any trammels, however cunningly devised, and this work, the construction of which would have hampered most composers, is no exception to the rule; for the music can be listened to with pleasure, and without feeling that it is merely the result of a carefully considered scheme, as is so often the case with such compositions. The performance, unfortunately, might have been better, the horns in the fourth orchestra being weak and poor in tone and execution. The programme of the same concert included Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the love scene from Berlioz's *Romeo and*

Juliet, the Funeral March from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and the *Walkürenritt* from the same master's *Walküre*. The last two selections were received with much enthusiasm by the largest audience which has yet attended these concerts this season. It would perhaps be well if Mr. Henschel were to reconsider the advisableness of beginning the performances at eight, instead of at half-past; under the present plan most of the audience in the stalls are kept waiting outside until the end of the first piece, and the increased attendance in the cheaper seats does not seem so large as to compensate for the inconvenience the early hour of beginning gives to the patrons of the dearer places.

At last Monday's Popular Concert the chief feature was a very fine performance of Brahms's Sextet in G major, Op. 36, by Mme. Neruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti. The work, though not taking as the earlier Sextet in B flat (Op. 18, No. 1), is a very fine example of the composer's chamber music, and, like almost everything that proceeds from his pen, gains upon every successive hearing. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies played in her best style five of Schumann's *Kreiseriana*, which were received with such applause that she was obliged to play another number of the same series. Miss Davies was also associated with Signor Piatti in Veracini's *Allemande*, *Largo*, and *Allegro*, for pianoforte and violoncello; and with Mme. Neruda in Beethoven's Sonata in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for violin and pianoforte. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist, and revived a charmingly quaint song of Dr. Arne's, "Polly Willis," written in his later and more florid manner; besides singing M. Francis Thomé's graceful "Perles d'Or." Miss Lehmann's performances are always so enjoyable that it seems unnecessary to praise them, but upon this occasion she seemed to excel herself. Her singing of Arne's song, especially, was a model of admirable vocalization and charm of manner. The programme-book of this concert seemed to want a little revision. In the analysis of Schumann's *Kreiseriana*, Sir George Grove figured as "Mr." Grove, E. T. A. Hoffmann as Hoffman, and the article on Schumann in the Dictionary was attributed to the editor, instead of its author, Professor Spitta. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect that the author of the analysis would have pointed out the fact that the name "*Kreiseriana*" is that given by Hoffmann to part of the *Fantasiestücke*, and does not (as Professor Spitta states) originate in a "fantastic poem" by that strange genius.

Messrs. Heinrich and Schönberger's last Evening Concert, which took place on Tuesday, was devoted entirely to the works of Brahms. The pianist played the Sonata in C, Op. 1, two Capriccios from Op. 76—the second of which was encored—and the *Ungarische Tänze*; while Herr Heinrich sang one of the composer's latest published works, the five songs numbered Op. 105, and seven Romances from Tieck's *Mayelone*. None of the performances call for detailed notice. Herr Schönberger's playing was throughout the concert, both in his solos and the accompaniments to the songs, altogether excellent. Herr Heinrich's style was displayed to most advantage in "Verrath," the last song of Op. 105; in the quieter and more purely lyrical numbers he was less satisfactory.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

FREQUENTERS of the Westminster Play must needs rejoice when once in four years the *Andria* comes round. For the play is not merely—with all respect to those who prefer the *Adelphi*—the best acting play in the cycle, but it follows the *Trinummus*, which is beyond all question the duldest of the four. The plot is of the slightest. Simo wishes his son Pamphilus to marry the daughter of his prosperous friend Chremes. Pamphilus wishes to escape the marriage, for the good old reason that he loves another, and the five acts of the play are occupied in the efforts of the young man, or rather of the slave—who has all the trouble and the odd hits—to break off the match without hurting Simo's parental feelings. That is really all; for the secondary plot dealing with the love of Charinus for Philumena, the girl whom Simo wishes Pamphilus to marry, is roughly sketched in, and apparently is only introduced for the purpose of making things more unpleasant for Pamphilus when Davus's first ingenious scheme breaks down. In fact, the play is a pure comedy of intrigue, with no serious interest whatever, unless the love of the hero for the heroine, whom the spectators never see, and only hear at one interesting moment, is to be called serious. But for a modern audience, most of whom follow the dialogue "wi' deeficulty," if at all, that Latin play is best which contains the greatest number of amusing scenes and the smallest number of dull ones, and from this point of view the *Andria* is certainly the best of the Westminster cycle. After the first act, which is excellent reading, but rather weary watching, the action goes merrily along to the end. The last act has often been adversely criticized, but it is really necessary; for, although the diverting scene with the baby in the fourth act has informed Chremes of the existence of that inconvenient young person, and so made it certain that he will not give his daughter to Pamphilus, we are still in doubt how Simo is to be reconciled to his son's union with Glycerium. If the objector goes on to say that the identification of Glycerium with the long-lost daughter of Chremes is a stale and unworthy device, it need only be replied that those who cannot breathe the atmosphere of Latin comedy as if it were familiar air had better let it alone, and delight their souls with the more artful stratagems of the modern farce-writer.

Of course all Latin comedies, and the *Andria* even more than most, depend for their success mainly upon the performance of the leading slave. At Westminster the traditions of acting are so good and so carefully preserved that the part is never ill played; and whenever an actor is found of real dramatic ability, which cannot, in the nature of things, happen every year, the force of natural aptitude and sound tradition combined produces an admirable piece of acting. We can recall to mind two Westminster players, in the course of the last ten years, who have possessed real capacity for acting—Mr. Bain, who played Davus and Geta in '80 and '81, and whom we have much pleasure in congratulating on his recent academical success, and Mr. Buchanan, whose admirable performance as Mysis made the *Andria* of four years ago memorable, though unluckily he was never seen in such a part as Davus. To these names we may fairly add that of Mr. J. S. Phillimore, who plays Davus this year. He is undoubtedly the best slave who has appeared since Mr. Bain, and though he is not so good an actor all round, there are moments when in voice, look, and gesture he is the crafty, impudent rascal to the life. He was very good in the scene with Mysis, where the baby is put on Simo's doorstep, and perhaps still better in his scenes with Simo. His exclamation, "Vah, consilium callidum!" when Simo explains his device of the pretended marriage, was a triumph of mock earnestness, with just the right touch of ironical exaggeration. He was rather less good in the last act, when Davus is released from punishment to hear from Pamphilus that all is happily arranged. Davus here should not be occupied solely with his aches and pains. He should start forward to congratulate his master, and be reminded of his strained muscles by that sudden movement, then forget them again, to be brought up short by another twinge. Mr. Phillimore was too consistently doleful; but this was the only flaw in an excellent performance. Mr. C. A. Phillimore, too, was good as Simo, a part which does not offer very many chances to the actor. He was best in the scene where Crito, the Stranger from Andros, comes in to prove that Glycerium is the daughter of Chremes. His indignation at the supposed imposture, and his elaborately assumed air of indifference as the strength of the evidence becomes apparent, were very well done. After these two brothers, who bore the chief burden of the play, Mr. Balfour, as Mysis, deserves mention. He supported Davus excellently in the most effective scene, and his shrill utterance—apparently the dying effort of a treble voice—suited the character well. Of the two young men, Charinus was the better played. Mr. Gillett, who took the part, has a really fine voice, and his rather tragic manner was well suited to the doleful character of the love-lorn Charinus. Mr. Henderson, who played Lesbia, the midwife, deserves the highest commendation for his admirable make-up.

The epilogue is above rather than below the average. It is certainly not so well written as last year's, which was nearly, if not quite, the best that we can remember; but it is well constructed, and the ingenious author has contrived to introduce allusions to most of the important and amusing events of the past twelve months. If we might venture a general criticism, we would suggest that the writers of these epilogues might do well to sacrifice a few allusions for the sake of greater unity of purpose. The best-constructed Westminster epilogue that we can remember had for its subject the trial of an election petition. There were plenty of general allusions, but everything was made subordinate to the main plot, and the piece gained greatly by the restraint thus imposed. This year, clever as the epilogue is, it has no semblance of a plot, and suffers a little, in our opinion, from overcrowding. But much of it is very funny, and there is always a delightful sense of incongruity aroused by hearing the players, clad in modern dress, discuss modern topics in the quaint circumlocutions rendered necessary by the use of a dead language. The inscription "Opus volumus. Nobiscum unda fluit. Ad Campum" on the banner of the unemployed at once moves to laughter, and Dromo, as a black pugilist, if we may be permitted the use of the adjective, challenging Chremes in elegiacs, is delightful. The end of the epilogue is very happy. Crito comes on as a member of the licensing committee of the County Council to inspect the Westminster Play, apparently under the impression that he is in the Aquarium and not in Dean's Yard. Finding nothing to object to on moral grounds, he pounces upon the son of Pamphilus, who

Vix septem annos, ut lex jubet, esse videtur
Natus.

But his doubts are cleared away by the information that the play is witnessed by

Principes et Iudex et Episcopus atque Decanus,

and when he has blessed the play altogether, the actors sing to the appropriate tune the following version of a familiar chorus:—

Nam bonus ille vir est lepidusque; ita dicimus omnes.
Hoc, nisi mentitur, nemo negare potest.

A merry ending to a very good performance.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE very low rates of interest and discount that have ruled so long have at length led to the result that was to have been expected—namely, a considerable drain of gold, during the week ended Wednesday night, as much as 793,000*l.* having been withdrawn from the Bank of England. The Bank stock in consequence has fallen to less than 19 millions—a very inadequate supply under the circumstances. The reserve fell during the week nearly three-quarters of a million, and is now less than 11½ millions. There has, nevertheless, been exceedingly little rise in the rates of interest and discount. The danger is therefore great that the drain will continue, and that alarm will be excited after Christmas, if not even before. Ever since September the Berlin money market has been stringent, and the *Liquidation* there at the end of each month has been found more and more difficult. The final *Liquidation* of the year has now begun. The rates charged to Stock Exchange borrowers are exceedingly heavy. Indeed, many speculators have been compelled to close their accounts from the difficulty they have found in obtaining the accommodation they required. Besides all this, the causes which usually make the money market stringent at the end of the year are operating in Berlin as well as elsewhere. There is, therefore, a strong demand for Berlin. The gold offering in the open market is being bought on German account, and bar gold would be taken from the Bank of England were it not that the Directors have put up their selling price. At any moment sovereigns may be taken, and in considerable amounts too. But the German demand is less serious than the Argentine. It is not improbable that Berlin may be provided with all it requires from St. Petersburg and Paris; but the Buenos Ayres demand threatens to become very great. The crisis in Buenos Ayres, which has been growing acuter every day, has now become really serious. Speculators complain that they cannot obtain money on any terms, and the banks evidently are afraid to lend. Failures are reported in large numbers, and the difficulties of Buenos Ayres have extended to Monte Video. Consequently, gold is now being taken in considerable amounts for Buenos Ayres, and there are rumours that the withdrawals will be large for some weeks to come. Unfortunately, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market in London is unusually large for this time of the year, because of the recent payment of nearly two millions by the Exchequer to the County Councils. The Directors of the Bank of England, who ought to have acted more promptly, have at last decided to take the requisite measures to lessen that supply, and obtain for themselves control of the market. By vigorous and sustained effort they may stop the drain; otherwise it is to be feared that a gold scare may arise before long, unless, indeed, the great houses that came to the relief of the market twice already this autumn again take measures to provide the gold needed for Germany and South America elsewhere than in London.

Disappointment with Mr. Windom's silver plan, which is explained pretty fully elsewhere, has caused the price of silver to remain under 44*d.* per oz. this week, holders thinking that the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury will not be accepted by Congress, and that the President will veto any Bill that may be carried through Congress by the Silver party. It is, of course, impossible to predict what the President will do, but it is reasonable to assume that, if very large majorities in both Houses support the Silver party's Bill, it will be allowed to pass by the President.

The stock markets have all been dull this week. Many brokers, indeed, have already begun to take their holidays, and jobbers, to relieve the *ennui* of utter idleness, amuse themselves with practical joking. The uncertainty of the money market and the near approach of the Christmas holidays and of the Settlement, which will begin on the day after Boxing-day, account to some extent for the stoppage of speculation, but there are other causes that contribute. First amongst these is the acute crisis in Buenos Ayres, which threatens to become a crash before very long. Then there are the difficulties of the Berlin Bourse *Liquidation*. German speculators have shown extraordinary skill in getting over their embarrassments, *Liquidation* after *Liquidation*, and they can count confidently on help from German bankers and from great financial houses in London and Paris. It is possible, therefore, that the present *Liquidation* will somehow or other be got over without a crisis. But still there is much anxiety on the subject. Then, again, rumours continue that we are on the eve of political disturbances in Spain, while the more that is learned about the Brazilian revolution the less it is liked. Furthermore, the New York money market is also very stringent, and though ease will probably return early in January, there is no inclination on either side of the Atlantic to engage in new risks during the present month. Lastly, the labour disputes all over the country have a disquieting influence. But while there is no inclination to buy, there is equally little to sell; and, consequently, prices remain very steady. Indeed, most people hope that ease will return to the money market in two or three weeks, and as, besides, immense sums will have to be paid in interest and dividends, not only in London, but in all the great capitals of Europe and America, there will be very large amounts for investment. Moreover, they think that the continued improvement in trade must revive active speculation. For this reason speculators for the fall are quietly buying back the stocks which they had sold without

possessing. And the statement in several Paris papers that M. Spuller has intimated to our own Government his willingness to assent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt leads people to expect a general advance in foreign government bonds early in the New Year.

The Buenos Ayres papers state that at the October Bourse *Liquidation* in that city scarcely a member of the Bourse was able to pay his differences. Sixteen were declared defaulters, and the others escaped the penalty only by obtaining assistance from the banks. In Monte Video, to which the Argentine speculation has extended, matters were even worse. The whole Bourse appears there to have been literally bankrupt. The Committee of the Bourse, in consequence, postponed the *Liquidation* for a week twice in succession. And it is asserted by the newspapers of both Buenos Ayres and Monte Video that the Presidents of the Argentine Republic and of Uruguay used their influence with the banks to induce them to furnish the means by which the ruined speculators were enabled to settle their differences. Most of the operators, it will be understood, were Argentine citizens. The *Liquidation* in both cities was not completed till about the middle of November, and then the November *Liquidation* was about to begin. Apparently it has been got over by somewhat similar means, and now the time has arrived for another *Liquidation*. It remains to be seen whether it also will pass over without a crash. Political and financial influence will, no doubt, be used to the utmost to prevent the crisis from growing worse, and it may avail for a time; but it would seem to impartial observers that the longer the agony is prolonged the worse must be the final breakdown. To reassure the public an official document has been published in Buenos Ayres, showing that the assets of the Argentine Government amount to over 700 millions of dollars. A very large part of these assets consist of Government offices, furniture, arsenals, war-ships, and the like, which clearly are not realizable. They are required for purposes of administration, legislation, justice, and defence, and cannot in any sense be looked on as means of maintaining the credit of the Government. The railways, telegraphs, public lands, and the like, no doubt are assets in a truer sense of the word; but then it would take a long time to realize either the railways or the telegraphs, and a very much longer time to sell the lands.

A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE.

[Fears are entertained lest the verdict of the jury in the Cronin case should expose them to popular violence.—*Daily Paper.*]

WOULD you like to be a juror 'neath the star-y-spangled banner,

And the shadow of the Eagle's wings that stretch from sea to sea,

And to try a case of murder, in a juratorial manner

(When the prisoners are Irish), in the country of the free?

If you would, you'd better advertise, through some convenient channel,

For a steadygoing gentleman inured to business cares,
Who will, while you kick your heels until the Court completes the panel,

Undertake your correspondence and look after your affairs.

Then, impanelled, you'll address yourself the web to disentangle

Of mendacities that multiply as day succeeds to day,

While the alibis accumulate, and eager lawyers wrangle,

And like a dream the golden weeks steal tranquilly away.

You will have to get accustomed to the frequent friendly warning

Of the dangers of perversity, transmitted through the post,
Till the fate that may your throat await, explained on many a morning,

Merely adds a pleasing relish to your cup of tea and toast.

Then, the evidence concluded, when, with conscience all untroubled,

To perform your awful duty you will solemnly begin,
With your faithful guard of constables considerably doubled,
To discuss the case together they will snugly lock you in.

You'll discuss it with the man who thinks "a certain doubt's arisen,"

With the man who holds them innocent, the man who "doesn't know,"

With the man who's all for hanging them, the man who would imprison,

And the man who deems them guilty, but would like to let them go.

You'll be kept from Friday evening in confinement over Sunday,
And will only then convict the men, known guilty all the time,

By agreeing to award them such a punishment—on Monday—
As is quite an insufficient retribution for their crime.

And when then the people's fury, to be checked by no repentance,
Rages round you, you will wonder, as you face its seething flood,
Which inflames—your cruel verdict or your too indulgent sentence—
Any given individual who desires to have your blood.

You will know not whether lynching should be taken as a token
That the prisoners' conviction has displeased the Irish "bhoy,"
Or whether their escape from death has caused your head to be broken
By the law-abiding people of the State of Illinois.

So I would not be a juror 'neath the star-spangled banner,
And the shadow of the Eagle's wings that stretch from sea to sea,
If I had to try for murder, in a juratorial manner
(When the criminals are Irish), in the country of the free.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS OF POEMS.*

THE adventitious but curious interest attaching to these volumes, first, from their almost simultaneous appearance; secondly, from the resemblance between them as the work of two contemporary poets, the first of their country, and, for some years past, of the world, both of whom had attained quite unusual fulness of years; thirdly, from the melancholy—if, indeed, it is to be called melancholy—coincidence of Mr. Browning's death with the appearance of *Asolando*—this interest is not to be neglected, but cannot be allowed the chief place in a literary estimate. The Muses called Mr. Browning, as they called Philemon, singing, but as he had finished his song; and England, happier than Athens, is in no fear of being deserted by them on the same occasion.

Both the volumes well maintain their authors' reputation, and one—the Laureate's—contains in its final verses what is very rare in a poet of advanced years—a new note. We quoted last week, as applicable to the author of *Asolando*, the two latter of these charming stanzas—the two former, which are almost more beautiful, may complete the citation now:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Wide as has been the range of the Laureate's lyre, we think that any good ear which can hear a church bell in stillness must perceive here a string added if he compares the piece with its nearest ancestor, the closing verses of the "Palace of Art." The cadence is not Tennysonian, nor in great part at least the phrase, though both (which some egregious critic has, we observe, called "homely") are in the highest degree worthy of their author. One does not expect in a poet, least of all in a poet of eighty, many surprises of this sort; nor does one find them; yet, short as this volume is, there is another. Lord Tennyson has always been fond of metrical experiments, and has generally been happy in them. But in "Forlorn" he has achieved, as the other Master in the other Isle used to say, a "frisson nouveau." The story—betrayal, contemplated deception, if not child murder, and so on—is no great thing. It begins with this stanza:—

He is fled—I wish him dead—
He that wrought my ruin—
O the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

"Ruin" and "undoing" is not a very good rhyme (and we may observe in passing that there are more loose rhymes in this volume than Lord Tennyson has accustomed us to); but let no one think that "blowing" is intended to chime in. On the contrary, the refrains of the succeeding stanzas are arranged thus:—

In the night, in the night,
While the gloom is growing.

In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting.

In the night, O the night!
O the deathwatch beating!

and so on, making a strangely effective, if barbaric, cymbal-and-triangle clash. Outside of these two, most of the pieces fall within the wide, but well-known, range of the poet's previous work. Some of them are known already—"Vastness," the "Jubilee Ode," the "Throstle," and so forth; but we do not

think that these are in any case the best. The dedication to Lord Dufferin contains a pathetic *threnos* on the late Mr. Lionel Tennyson, and opens with a majestic stanza of the poet's best stamp:—

At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West.

The title poem, too, *Demeter and Persephone*, spoken by the distressed mother to her temporarily recovered daughter, is also full of such touches as here:—

A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the King
Of shadows, thy dark mate.

and here:—

lest the naked glebe
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence
The shrilly whinnings of the team of Hell,
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom.

and here:—

Last as the likeness of a dying man,
Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,
Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself
Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past
Before me.

"Owd Roä" ("Old Rover"), which follows, is of a kind about which we have never been quite certain. We are not in the least afraid of dialect poems; but we are inclined to think that the very best poets, unless they are so entirely to the manner born as Burns was, should let them alone. Yet "Owd Roä" is good of its kind. The longest poem in the book, "The Ring," needs an argument to make it plain. It contains some splendid Tennysonianisms; but we own to a certain sympathy with the wicked heroine, Muriel, as compared with the good heroine, Miriam. In the first place, Muriel is a much prettier name than Miriam; and, in the second, we always do like the wicked heroines. Three other poems call for notice, however brief—"Happy," the contrast to "Forlorn," which tells how a leper's bride refused to be separated from him; the "Progress of Spring," a series of tableaux; and the touching "Romney's Remorse," apparently suggested by a reference in the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's letters.

To those who watch, with a humorous and yet reverent sympathy, the turns of human life, it will be a strangely interesting task to note how Mr. Browning's swan-song of *Asolando* reverts to his better style. There is here so little as to be almost nothing of the small mannerisms which have gained him the plaudits of fools, so much as to be almost everything of the large manner which has gained him the admiration of wise men—and women. No volume of his for a whole quarter of a century has contained so many poems, and hardly any, except *Jocoseria*, has contained even one such poem, of the kind which we indicated here last week as his masterpiece. Here we have at least half a dozen such, any one of which would make the fortune of an ordinary book of verse. Such are "Now," "Humility," "Summum Bonum," "A Pearl, a Girl," "Speculative," part of "Bad Dreams," and not a few more. It is difficult to pick out one, unfair to pick out too many; but let us give "Humility" and the first stanza of "A Pearl, a Girl":—

What girl but, having gathered flowers,
Strip the beds and spoil the bowers,
From the lapful light she carries
Drops a careless bud?—nor tarries
To regain the waif and stray:
"Store enough for home"—she'll say.

So say I too: give your lover
Heaps of loving—under, over,
Whelm him—make the one the wealthy!
Am I all so poor who—stealthy
Work it was!—picked up what fell:
Not the worst bud—who can tell?

A simple ring with a single stone,
To the vulgar eye no stone of price:
Whisper the right word, that alone—
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
Through the power in a pearl.

The "Prologue" is fine, though a little melancholy in admitting the account of years. The "Epilogue" takes up the very spirit of "Prospice":—

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

* *Demeter and other Poems*. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, P.L., D.C.L. London: Macmillan. 1889.

Asolando. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

The song "Rosny," which comes early, though of the same kidney as Mr. Browning's great early songs, from those in "Paracelsus" onwards, possesses a certain real "obscurity" which is quite different from the false obscurity assigned by the unintelligent to Mr. Browning's work. Its main purport is not sufficiently disengaged. "Which?" is more thoroughly in the old style, with the Duchesse, Marquise, and Comtesse each describing her ideal of a lover, and the Abbé deciding that

The love which to one, and one only, has reference
Seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's preference.

And this is succeeded by other pieces showing the same startling combination of freshness and oldness—a combination which certain old fancies may, not foolishly, connect with the "lightning before death." The Pope who, Sixtus-like, answers the question

Why, Father, is the net removed? Son, it hath caught the fish

is an old friend we are not tired of, and so is Sixtus himself enjoying a "bean-feast." But the number of such poems is too great for individual mention, although the whole volume does not reach the end of its second century of small pages. The best of the poems in the old "Men and Women" style is unquestionably "Beatrice Signorini," though we are inclined to think that Mr. Browning has left the tale half told. The next, "Flute Music, with an Accompaniment," is undeniably pretty, though the misjudgment which has so often waited on Mr. Browning is obvious in the praises which have sometimes been bestowed on it as a proof how smooth and liquid Mr. Browning can be:—

He. Ah, the bird-like fluting
Through the ash-tops yonder—
Bullfinch babbings, soft sounds suiting
What sweet thoughts I wonder?
Fine-pearled notes that surely
Gather, dewdrop-fashion,
Deep-down in some heart which purely
Secretes globuled passion—
Passion insuppressive—
Such is piped, for certain;
Love, no doubt, nay, love excessive
'Tis your ash-tops curtain.

We must leave to readers "Imperante Augusto natus est," "Development" (an excellent morality), and two singularly beautiful poems—"Rephan" and "Reverie"—in the most "thoughtful" style of the author, but not in that style in which "thoughtfulness" induces verbiage and mannerism. Indeed, the whole volume gives a very curious and delightful example of reversion late in life and work to the best characteristics of each. In hardly any one of his books—certainly in none for nearly a generation—has Mr. Browning put so many of his different qualities at his best as here.

Let us hope, in conclusion, that *Asolando* (*asolare*, to disport oneself in the sun, a neologism attributed to Cardinal Bembo) will soon be united to the rest of the author's works in an edition at once complete and compact. From the lowest point of view, it is certain that such an edition, parallel to that which now for more than ten years has been attainable with successive enlargements of Lord Tennyson's poems, would be successful—from the highest, it is equally certain that it ought to be given.

FICTION.*

CLERGYMEN beware! "Rita" is attacking you. She says that you "eat, drink, and are merry, and" "keep a watchful eye on the loaves and fishes, yet all the while inveigh against the vanity of worldly pleasures and the deceitfulness of riches. For a class of men who invariably marry rich wives"—do not smile, reverend sirs, with large families and small incomes—"or wives with relatives possessed of interest in the matter of adwosons, this is somewhat inconsistent." You "preach humility, yet who bullies and works the poor curate as that same humility-preaching rector?" The squire's wife; but this only in passing. You ask for large offertories towards charities, and yourselves "contribute—prayers alone." This is a foul fib; but never mind. Oh, cries "Rita," "for a fan to purge, and a whirlwind to sweep away the monstrous accumulation of hypocrisy and false teaching that shames the very name of Christianity"—for instance, "such pharisaical forms as family prayers and regular church-going." "Neither church-going, nor district-visiting, nor early celebrations, nor the voice of many preachers; nay, sometimes not even the words of the Great Book itself"—nor eleven lines more suffice to complete an excited sentence, evidently levelled against everything in the shape of what most of our fellow-countrymen are pleased to consider orthodox. We waited, with the patience of a German, for the verb; but none came to the long string of nominative cases that composed the diatribe in question. With genuine religious difficulties and honest doubts wise men will always deal tenderly and charitably; on the other hand, all de-

nominations of Christians, Agnostics, Deists, Atheists, and Pantheists might well agree in admiring a book that exposed cant and humbug in any or all religions; but when an author produces a novel apparently with the sole object of undermining the religious faiths of the greater proportion of the people speaking the language in which she writes, and offers nothing better in return than a sort of Esoteric Buddhism, and even that not good of its kind, she is likely to offend more readers than she pleases. "Rita" declaims against preaching. Few clergymen that we ever came across were fonder of preaching, or preached more drearily, than "Rita." To show that the Devil is not always quite so black as he is painted, she introduces a parson with some common sense among her characters; but he is evidently intended to serve as an exception, to prove the rule. *Sheba* is called "a study of girlhood." The girl, at thirteen, found no comfort to her "thinking, searching, thirsting soul" "in adoring incomprehensibility"—by which she meant what her father and mother called God, of whom she said that "the vast misery of earth did not seem to trouble Him," and wondered how He could "bear to gaze on so much woe, the results of a creation that ought to have been perfect, the outcome of what was planned and formed in His own image." Although she was what a certain divine once described as "weak on the Devil," she talked of his entering her soul, and having "a good time of it there." These are mere specimens of the sayings of this charming child. That some people may admire them, and think them clever, is likely enough; but it is well that those who may not should know what to expect if they send for this "study of girlhood." Unfortunately, this work has a moral, as well as a theological, aspect. We find the hero assuring the heroine that the antiquated prejudice against bigamy "is the cant of a hypocritical virtue that should have no place in" "her pure and candid soul." Indeed, *Sheba's* soul, "thinking, searching," and "thirsting" in the first volume, becomes flagrantly immoral in the third. "The full force and strength of a mighty passion" "swooped with giant force upon her soul, and wrapped her round with arms of fire." It is common enough to find serious sins against feminine virtue threatened in English novels; but the threat is seldom carried out. In *Sheba* the atrocities are actually committed, and are even dwelt upon with some gusto. To go through the list of them here would be as unnecessary as it would be unpleasant. We may, however, observe that the long description of the method employed by one of the principal characters to obtain a husband savours more of the pages of *M. Zola* than of a novel by an English writer. From a purely literary point of view there is some little to praise in *Sheba*. It is thoughtfully written; occasionally it is bright and crisp; a few bits, here and there, are amusing; yet the work in it is of very unequal merit, and worst of all, it has no ending—except that it stops. The author promises to finish it another time—that is to say, she threatens a sequel. All we can say is, that if there should be one, we hope it may be of a different flavour. Let it not be supposed that we are unappreciative of the charms of some of "Rita's" former novels; quite the contrary; but we judge each book entirely upon its own merits.

By way of violent contrast, we turn from *Sheba* to three Prize and Reward Books, published by the National Society, for good children. They are beautifully printed on excellent paper, and they are strongly bound, with bevelled edges, in bright, showy covers. The worst part of them is, perhaps, the pictures, which ought to be about the best in books for the young. The children of these days are lucky in having stories written for them by so able an author as Miss Frances M. Peard. Perhaps older people who have enjoyed her novels will not think themselves quite so fortunate when given one of her National Society Prize-Books in exchange for her adult romances—such, for instance, as that pretty book, *Near Neighbours*. To write any historical novel is more or less cramping; to write one for children is exceedingly so, and excuses should be made accordingly. Nevertheless, Miss Peard has produced an interesting story, highly suitable for girls about the middle of their 'teens; and we think it will also be enjoyed by not a few boys, who will probably consider its prodigious wealth in hairbreadth escapes and singular coincidences rather an advantage than otherwise. As to the literary merits of the work, which unquestionably exist, we may observe that it could scarcely have been a superhuman effort to put down a few leading facts about some old town that happened to interest one, such as—Chester. Rows; walls; abbey (therefore formerly monks); celebrated for its miracle plays; once devastated by plague; the racecourse, or Roodee (formerly Rood-eye); town once visited by King Henry VII.; and then to make some such notes as these:—Take date of King Henry's visit for beginning of story for National Society's Prize-Book; observe expulsion of Flemings during his reign; make hero Fleming, and hide him about in curious old alleys and rows; then make him fly country, eventually to return and marry heroine; heroine to act in miracle play before Henry VII., and nurse patients during plague; plague not at proper date, explain in note. In those times belief in witchcraft; introduce witch; make her curse. Curfew bell; ring it often. Always say "an" instead of "if," so as to make the characters appear to use the lingo of the period. With this material fill 296 pages, and then—Finis! Now this sort of thing is all very well, and Miss Peard has done her work satisfactorily; but it must not be mistaken for historical romance, in the higher sense of the word. It would be just as easy to take the next town—Shrewsbury. Wars of the Roses; Owen Glendyr, Shelton's Oak, Harry Hotspur, Battle of Shrewsbury, Haugh-

* *Sheba*. By "Rita." London: White & Co. 1889.

The Blue Dragon. By Frances M. Peard. London: National Society's Depository.

Maud Florence Nellie. By C. R. Coleridge. London: National Society's Depository.

Banning and Blessing. By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys." London: National Society's Depository.

The Curse of Carne's Hold. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackett & Hallam. 1889.

mond Hill, &c.—and so on with all the historic towns in England, making a child's prize-book out of each. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we make these remarks solely in the interest of Miss Peard. She writes a children's historical story nicely—very nicely indeed; but we are anxious that those who have only read her school prize-books should not fall into the error of supposing that she can do nothing better, or that they are the special work for which Providence has designed her. Far from it!

Maud Florence Nellie; or, *Don't Care*, is a regular girls' story-book, and no novel and water. The heroine does not marry or even fall in love, nor is there any marrying worth mentioning from cover to cover. It is almost needless to say that it contains the equivalent of marriage invariably to be found in children's books—a death-bed; for, as everybody knows, the heroes in books suited to people under fifteen end by dying, while those in books for people over fifteen end by marrying. Some stolen diamonds and a good deal of Sunday School help to fill up this improving volume. "Don't Care," in this instance, just avoids coming "to a bad end" by a sort of quasi-reformation, which, judging from the evidence adduced, we do not think would be likely to be very lasting. The three conversions, again, seem to us a trifle sudden, but it is to be hoped that the juvenile readers of *Maud Florence Nellie* may find them none the less edifying.

A capital specimen of a book for girls is *Banning and Blessing*, by the author of *The Atelier du Lys*. Here, again, there is no love-making; on the other hand, undue prominence is not given to the inevitable death-bed. Like *The Blue Dragon*, it contains a witch, who curses freely, but takes to blessing on the last page. Here, a stolen entry from a parish-register takes the place of the stolen diamonds in *Maud Florence Nellie*. You must have a stolen something as well as a death-bed if you want to write a loveless story-book of any bulk. The leading incident in *Banning and Blessing* is the discovery of an heir, or rather heiress, to a baronet and all his goods. The plot is well worked out; there is considerable individuality, variety, and contrast in the characters, and the descriptions of scene are pretty in some cases and forcible in others. The events are supposed to have taken place early in the century, apparently in Devonshire, and the author seems to have had Dartmoor and its neighbourhood in her mind. Quaint little bits, redolent of old times, are constantly to be met with throughout the volume, such as Sir Julian's complaint that his Vicar had sold the old parish registers to the grocer for waste paper; Lady Brent's speech, "When I was twelve years old my governess used to make me stand in the stocks for an hour before breakfast, and all the rest of the day I wore a backboard and a collar with iron spikes to make me hold my head up"; and the cool admission of the old clerk to the new Rector:—

"Many's the time I've heard a stone thrown at my window at night, and I would just reach out the keys and ask no question. [These were the keys of the church, in the charnel-vault of which smugglers used to hide kegs of brandy.] I knew they'd be brought back safe enough, and may be, as you know, a little keg of spirits would be in Passon Ashe's wood-stack next day, and another in mine."

There are symptoms of smuggling, again, when the two little girls are out alone on the moor at night, in order to warn the witch that an attempt is to be made to burn her alive in her straw-thatched cabin:—

A distant thunderous sound was heard. Some instinct made Cicely pull Lucy up the precipitous bank; the next instant a troop of horses rushed by, each with a keg slung under it by a single girth, riderless, but led by a dappled mare, flying in front. They flashed past and were out of sight in a moment, and even the sound of their hoofs died away as the girls, unable to keep their footing on the steep and slippery turf, slid down again. "Well!" said Cicely, much excited, "I'm glad to have seen that! I've heard how the smugglers when they're hard run send off their horses alone with that mare to lead them, all shaven and soaped they are so that the revenue men can get no hold of them. There's been a smart brush to-night somewhere, you may depend on it."

We think that some oldish children may find *Banning and Blessing* far from unreadable.

As its name implies, there is banning, again, in *The Curse of Carne's Hold*; but blessing is conspicuous by its absence. Here we have love as well, and it cannot be called a child's book, although boys may enjoy its hairbreadth escapes, which rival in number those of *The Blue Dragon* itself. If we were in a particular hurry we might dispose of this book with the criticism—battle, murder, and sudden death; but, as it happens, we can afford to say a little more about it. First, we should recommend people in whose families there is any taint of lunacy not to read it. If they do it will certainly make them uncomfortable, and possibly make them ill. It begins well, and that is one of the most necessary factors of success in all literary work. Unfortunately it does not go on well. The opening chapters about the curse, the ball, and the murder, are good enough, and there are symptoms of originality which make us expect great things as we proceed. It is a disappointment to be let down into the society of the eternal detective policeman of fiction, and to be made to wade through the mire of a fictitious inquest and a fictitious trial. When two-thirds of the first volume have been finished the story stops with a sudden jolt. We are then carried off to the Kaffir War of 1850, which is only connected with the earlier portion of the novel by the fact that the hero takes part in it. In this part of the novel the skirmishes, battles, raids and adventures, which might be an imitation of the style of Mr. Rider

Haggard when at the exact opposite of his best, follow each other in such rapid succession as to become monotonous. In the third part of the novel, when the scene is removed to Carne's Hold and its neighbourhood again, the first and the second parts are welded together, and out of the whole a by no means uninteresting plot is manufactured. There is nothing very new in the trick of pretending to take the reader into confidence at an early stage of the story and then "selling" him; but to play off this trick well is not so easy as might be supposed, and here the author does it very cleverly. We never met with a novelist who was so fond of administering beef-tea as Mr. Henty. He gives it on three different occasions in *The Curse of Carne's Hold* to women who have had "shocks." Well, he could give them nothing better!

LETTERS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MISS J.*

THIS is a thoroughly delightful book. It ought to be, and no doubt will be, a joy to all who can appreciate the representation of character, or who can taste the peculiar dry and nutty flavour of the Duke of Wellington's epistolary style. We have no doubt whatever that it is all quite genuine, that there was a Miss J., and that the Duke of Wellington wrote to her. If we are being hoaxed, and any man jeers at us for it, we shall reply that the discovery delights us; for in that case the world will be the richer in Mrs., or Miss, Christine Terhume Herriek for a writer with an altogether amazing knowledge of human nature, insight into character, and power of imitating style.

The Miss J. of this book (from some indications given by the editor it would probably not be difficult to discover her real name) was a "fair saint." In a happier time she would certainly have been a nun, and not improbably have become a saint in the regular official way. As it was, she was born in England in the first quarter of this century, and could only be a gushing young lady of a strong pietistic and evangelical turn. Her faculty for the part of Catherine of Siena could find no better employment than incessant attempts to arouse her friends and relations to "a new birth unto righteousness," efforts to bring hardened criminals to repentance, and seventeen years of strenuous effort to convert the Duke of Wellington. The editor tells the strange history of this last adventure partly from the letters and partly from Miss J.'s own copious diary. It is, indeed, a curious story. The young lady wrote to the Duke in 1834 on the state of his soul, and not only drew "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington," which it was easy enough to do in a way, but so interested this wary old man of the world that he began a correspondence which lasted till his death. The fact that Miss J. was young and handsome may have had some influence on the Duke, who was, as all men know, very susceptible; but, after all, it was her letters which induced him to call on her, and he continued to take an interest in her, in spite of hysteria, impertinence, and explosions of temper, long after she had ceased to be young and had become a confirmed invalid. They had many quarrels, and made them up. At the end there was a serious breach—caused, alas! by a question of money—in which, however, there does not appear to have been any greed on Miss J.'s part, only hysteria and folly, while on the Duke's there was a generosity which would have been most willing to show itself if only it had been allowed to do so by the amazing wrongheadedness of his correspondent. So much for the skeleton of the story. What is more interesting than these dry bones is the character of Miss J. She was, as we have said, a "fair saint," very anxious to serve the cause of Heaven, but equally anxious that it should be served by Miss J. As there was no opening for the founding of an Order, she fell back on a scheme to become Duchess of Wellington, in order that she might be "a city set on a hill which cannot be hid" for the general good of this nation. She was, as she words it, "permitted to love the Duke." Unfortunately the Duke was not permitted to love her. When she unfolded this notable scheme His Grace replied, "The commands of all others, which we ought to obey, are those dictated by our social relations. What would be said if I, a man of seventy years of age, nearly, were to take in marriage a lady young enough to be my granddaughter?" On this Miss J. has a comment to make. "Alas! alas! [the young lady had a young-lady-like love of italics] how deceitful is the human heart! For I am convinced that, although the Duke wrote thus, there was not a moment during our acquaintance when, if I had not been by the Grace of God what I was and am, that he would have thought I was too young to bow down before me with the most sinful adulation." Miss J., who was not without spiritual pride by any means, might have been, as she told the Duke, not only virtuous, but righteous, but her innocence was not that of ignorance. Quite the contrary. She was prompt to conclude that the Duke's intentions were not "strictly honourable" when she reflected on the details of their first conversation. On this occasion, by the way, she prayed "God to be with me every moment of the time, directing even my dress. This He did, letting me be dressed on the occasion as HE pleased, which, as my Diary relates, was in my old turned dark-green merino gown, daily worn—not permitting me to be decorated in any way likely to attract notice, which, as the employment in view was of so sacred a nature,

* *The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834-1851.* Edited with Extracts from the Diary of the latter, by C. T. Herriek. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

was neither required nor obtained." The interview, of which we have only the lady's account, was indeed a religious courtship. But on reflection, and when her suspicions had been stimulated by an innocent-looking sentence in one of the Duke's notes, the lady flamed up. The truth flashed on her in the watches of the night, and putting on her dressing-gown, as she carefully records, she wrote him a letter, protesting her virtue and her righteousness, and rebuking the World-victor's victor in no measured terms for his dishonourable intentions. The amazing thing is that the Duke answered meekly that nobody was more impressed than himself with "veneration for your virtues, attainments, and Sentiments." They made it up, and then the lady picked another quarrel; and again the Duke was the soul of reasonableness, and they made it up; and so it went on till the end. When they had been acquainted in this strange way for some years, Miss J. records in her Diary a little passage which is almost delicious. The Duke called, and in the course of conversation she asked him about a recent accident to his knee from which he had suffered:—

When I did so, he appeared delighted, brushing up his chair nearer to me, which of course met with the withdrawal on my part due to Christianity. I bless God for the grace and strength afforded me on that occasion, causing the Duke to sink into the utmost insignificance in comparison with His favor (*sic*) which is better than life.

The quotation ought, we imagine, to sufficiently place the lady.

It may not appear quite in keeping with the hard character of the Duke that he should have allowed himself to be entangled in a correspondence with a person who might have become exceedingly compromising—who, in any case, must have been an insufferable bore after a time, and should have meekly borne being lectured, reproached, and scolded for years. As a matter of fact, however, the improbability is only superficial. The Duke was just the man to feel that, having once begun a correspondence, it was not becoming to break it off merely out of a care for his own comfort. The kindness and piety of a soldierly but genuine kind which lay below his hard surface made him accept Miss J. among the other worries of life. He did rebel at times, when the lady was in a tantrum, and then he would remind her that the best way to avoid the slights she complained of was to drop the correspondence, but he was always worried into beginning again. It is a fact, too, that the Duke liked letter-writing. As he was a man of downright honesty, with small sense of humour in spite of his dry ironical wit, the absurdity of his correspondent probably did not greatly trouble him. But our belief that the letters are genuine is based on internal evidence. They are either Wellington's or the work of somebody with an actual genius for imitation—and such a person would assuredly have done more than is in this book. Here, for instance, is a letter which is either by Wellington or Diabolus:—

My dear Miss J.—I have received your letter of the 31st, and I am really much concerned to learn that I have created a feeling of displeasure in your Mind by having omitted to notice the Inconvenience which you felt upon your Journey to Harrowgate.

There is always Inconvenience in travelling in a Stage Coach. It cannot be otherwise. Indeed it is wonderful that there should be so little; and I must observe that there is less of a physical and personal Nature in travelling in this Manner in England than elsewhere. The Inconvenience felt in England is of a moral and mental description. It is formed of the trash and nonsense which a traveller is condemned to hear in these vehicles; because everybody talks; and says not what he thinks but what the fancy of the moment suggests. For this which was the particular Inconvenience which you suffered upon this Journey there is no remedy but *Patience*; and I would add *Silence*.

You would practise neither. You would not sit *patiently* and hear the stupid Irrigation of the Talker; you would reply to Him; and this occasioned much of the Annoyance which occurred.

Here is a Wellingtonian gem *à propos* of this same unlucky journey:—"I don't consider with you that it is necessary to enter into a disputation with every wandering Blasphemer—much must depend upon the circumstances." Again, there never was but one person in the world who wrote such a letter as this:—

The Duke did not say anything upon the letter which Miss J. had written to the Gentleman in question because he was unwilling to obtrude his opinion upon a matter which Miss J. considers one of Duty; in which the Duke is so unfortunate as to differ in opinion with her.

Prudence and Discretion would appear to require that Miss J. should not rebuke a Gentleman for words spoken not to Her; not even in Her Presence; but to Her Landlady, in the relation of a Lodger in the House.

The Duke may be wrong. But he considers the exercise of Prudence and discretion virtues; not unbecoming to any character, however exalted.

An admirable Wellingtonian touch is to be found in a letter in which the Duke declines to forward a long screed by Miss J., expostulating anonymously with the Queen Dowager for declining to pay rates for her jointure house. The Duke explains the position, and adds:—"You will see it is the Parish, and not the Queen which has contravened the Lord." Nobody but Arthur Wellesley ever attained to these comic effects by sheer dint of stating the fact in explicit language. As the book goes on we get less of the Duke and more of Miss J., but it keeps its interest to the end. It is, as far as the Duke is concerned, at least, one more proof that Lord Tennyson was inspired when he prophesied that "whatever records leap to light, He never shall be shamed."

A MANUAL OF FORESTRY.*

THIS book is a great deal more than what is implied by a manual, and the volume under review is the first only of a work on forestry, a much neglected subject, which ought to be of importance and value. It is evident that the original, true, and legal meaning of the word forest must be given up, and the tree acceptance of the term must be adopted, in conformity with public opinion. Dr. Schlich begins in his introduction with definitions, and quotes four definitions, only one of which, the third, can be said to be correct:—"Third definition.—A forest is a piece of land which is subject to special forest laws and regulations." Not satisfied with these four definitions, he supplies his own, which must be accepted for the purpose of this work:—"The area, which is for the most part set aside for the production of timber and other forest produce, or which is expected to exercise certain climatic effects, or to protect the locality against injurious influences; such areas are frequently subject to special forest laws and regulations." Then, drawing a distinction between forests and woods, he proceeds to define the term *wood*:—"Under a wood or woodland (Plantation) is understood an area of defined dimensions, which is stocked with trees or shrubs, and managed for the production of timber, firewood, and such other produce which ordinarily accompanies the rearing of trees." "Every 'wood' is, therefore, a 'forest,' but not every forest is a wood." Let Dr. Schlich's own definitions stand good, as far as they go, for the purpose of forestry.

This first volume treats of "The Utility of Forests and Fundamental Principles of Sylviculture." Forestry, it is presumed, is the general term, and sylviculture the special term, for the culture of trees. "Although forestry has been practised for centuries in Great Britain and Ireland, this particular branch of industry did not receive much attention in the United Kingdom until questions connected with the administration of the forests in India brought it into more prominent notice" (Preface). That is to say, we planted trees in all directions, but neglected the science and art of forestry, so that when we required men to manage the forests in India we had to send them to France and Germany for instruction in forestry. Dr. Schlich, however, was deputed in 1885 to organize a school of forestry at Cooper's Hill, and was instructed to draw up handbooks. These volumes, which he calls a manual—forgetting that "handbook" and "manual" are the same thing—are the result of his studies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Austria, France, and Switzerland.

Dr. Schlich divides his subject into seven parts, Parts I. and II. constituting this first volume. These Parts consist of—I. The Utility of Forests. II. Fundamental Principles of Sylviculture. III. Creation, Regeneration, and Tending of Woods. IV. Forest Protection. V. Forest Utilization. VI. Forest Working Plans. VII. Forest Finance. In forestry, the *stool* of a tree is that part which remains in the ground after a tree has been felled. The *bole* means the stem, or true timber; and the *crown* means the whole system of branches. A "*Pure Wood* (or Forest) means a wood which consists of one species only." A "*Mixed Wood* (or Forest) means a wood which consists of two or more species intermixed." He also divides his trees into two principal classes for sylviculture—the shade-bearing species and the light-demanding species:—

The following scale is that given by Gayer; it begins with the most light-demanding species and finishes with the most shade-bearing:—

- (1) Larch, Birch.
- (2) Scotch Pine, Aspen, Willow.
- (3) Oak, Ash, Sweet Chestnut, Mountain Pine.
- (4) Elm, Common Alder, Lime, Weymouth Pine, Maple.
- (5) Spruce, Hornbeam.
- (6) Beech.
- (7) Silver Fir.
- (8) Yew.—P. 118.

And these are the trees concerning which he chiefly writes as denizens of European forests.

Part I. treats of the utility of forests, direct and indirect. The direct utility is conspicuous enough in the various uses to which wood of all sorts and sizes is put. The indirect utility may be said to have been almost ignored, except in the case of ornamental tree-planting and game coverts. Section 2 of Part I. treats fully of the indirect utility of forests, especially in Great Britain and Ireland and in India; the effects on the air and soil, on the humidity and water-supply, on the hygienic effects, and on the aesthetic effects. This branch of the subject surely demands the most serious consideration; and, although there is a Department of Woods and Forests in the State, it seems to have been the last to attract any attention whatever in this fully-populated country. The common agriculturist is a bitter enemy to trees, and it is high time that the indirect utility of forests should be made manifest. On a former occasion we congratulated the world on the taking up of forestry as a subject for study by the Royal Agricultural Society, and we wish them good speed—not speed the plough exactly—in that direction. A great deal of good work is done in this volume towards elucidating this more or less obscure topic. The results of experiments in Germany have been published by Dr. E. Ebermeyer in his *Die physikalischen Einwirkungen des Waldes auf Luft und Boden*, and Professor Dr. R. Weber in his introduction to the *Handbuch der Forstwissenschaft*, edited by

* *A Manual of Forestry*. By William Schlich, Ph.D., Principal Professor of Forestry at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, late Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India.

Dr. T. Lorey, 1888. These two works have been specially utilized by Dr. Schlich; and, after a good and full explanation of the state of the case, he gives a summary of conclusions under twelve heads, enumerating the utility, direct and indirect, of forests:—

- (1) Forests supply timber, fuel, and other forest produce.
- (2) They offer a convenient opportunity for the investment of capital.
- (3) They produce a demand for labour in their management and working, as well as in a variety of industries which depend on forests for their raw material.
- (4) They reduce the temperature of the air and soil to a moderate extent, and render the climate more equable.
- (5) They increase the relative humidity of the air and tend to reduce evaporation.
- (6) They tend to increase the rainfall.
- (7) They help to regulate the water supply, ensure a more sustained feeding of springs, tend to reduce violent floods, and render the flow of water in rivers more continuous.
- (8) They assist in preventing landslips, avalanches, the silting up of rivers and low lands, and arrest moving sands.
- (9) They reduce the velocity of air currents, protect adjoining fields against cold or dry winds, and afford shelter to cattle, game, and useful birds.
- (10) They assist in the production of oxygen and of ozone.
- (11) They may, under certain conditions, improve the healthiness of a country, and under other conditions endanger it.
- (12) Finally, they increase the artistic beauty of a country.

It will be seen that the first three give the direct utility, pretty well known to all; and the last nine the indirect utility, by no means well known. The importance of the future supply of valuable timber is recognized in some countries, though not in all. For example, in India as the forests are cleared teak is planted afresh, and in Sweden the fir is planted as the wood is cut, both for the direct and indirect utility of the forests.

Part II. is divided into four chapters, and treats of sylviculture. The scheme of the whole work is very systematic, with its parts, chapters, sections, divisions and subdivisions, and it is well arranged for the student for whom it is intended. In sylviculture there are varieties of forests and woods, as there are varieties of trees, suitable or unsuitable for the purposes for which particular trees are grown, and it is evident that there is much to be said from many points of view. If an ordinary field crop fail for want of good management, a year is the most that is lost, but the failure of a wood plantation may not be discovered for twenty-five years. If height-growth is required, trees must be planted near together; the lateral branches fall off from crowding, and a long clean stem or *bole* is produced. If volume-growth—these are the terms used—is required, the trees should have more room, and be carefully thinned; the branches then spread, and a thick shorter stem or *bole* is the result. The volume-growth (of wood) per acre varies with the different species, and silver fir is stated to afford the greatest volume in an acre in a hundred and twenty years; a length of time which gives a respectable air to forestry, and would make the speculators on the Stock Exchange look agast. The Scotch pine seems to be a favourite tree in forestry, and it takes a hundred to a hundred and twenty years to become timber, when it should be 100 feet high. The silver fir makes the most wood in volume in that time, the spruce next, and the Scotch pine third. The additions made to the soil by the fall of the leaf, dropped-off branches, and other forest *débris* are called the humus, and this humus greatly improves the soil for sylviculture or any other culture, except culture *par excellence*. The roots of trees do not extend to more than 3 to 4 feet below the surface, and the stability of the tree depends on the sort of holding the roots can get.

We look forward to the future volumes for many particulars of forestry not yet reached in this first volume of the work, and we hope to find the various uses to which the timber, the leaves, the fruit, and the bark of the different trees in different countries are put fully described in the volumes to come. Some botanical details of the flower, male and female, and the seed of trees would be of great interest. It is rather surprising to read (p. 173) that beech *seed-years* are produced only after intervals of six to ten years, and oak, spruce, &c., every three to five years. Is the common beechmast only good for seed in any quantity every six to ten years?

The time required for forestry is so long that in many cases it would appear to be the proper function of Government to perform such a necessary work, especially in regard to the indirect utility of forests. But the management of the Royal forests in this country by the department of Woods and Forests is not encouraging, though in India much good has been done by Government there, and this work itself is evidence of the importance which the officials of India attach to the science and art of forestry.

This volume has not an index, but there is a full table of contents. It is a business-like, readable volume of 232 pages, which we can strongly recommend. And we hope the completion of the work will be attended with the success it deserves.

BARNSTAPLE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.*

WITHOUT the aid of some local narrative it is difficult to gain an adequate idea of the character of the Great Civil War, or of the effect which it had on men's daily lives. It was

by no means a war simply of ordered battles, in which the commands were held by leaders of mark, or of sieges of populous and wealthy cities. In most districts, for longer or shorter periods, the quarrel between the King and the Parliament led to petty warfare between villages and near neighbours, to a welter of confusion out of which it is difficult to form any coherent story, to marches, skirmishes, and leaguers which at first sight seem scarcely worth recording. Yet it is, as every reader of the volume before us will, we think, acknowledge, well to have these matters told us by a competent historian. They have a value of their own, for they help to make up a complete picture of the war; and, though some of them were certainly without any important result, others had a direct bearing on greater events. Indeed, the more closely we study the course of the war in some defined area, the clearer the general history becomes to us; necessary links are supplied, and military movements are invested with new meaning. For study of this kind Mr. Cotton's book affords an admirable opportunity. It should, of course, be read side by side with Dr. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, and it will help the reader to appreciate the excellence of Dr. Gardiner's work; he will see that, while considerations of space and proportion have obliged the historian of the war as a whole to omit or pass lightly over many local details, he has made himself master of them, and has used his knowledge with skill and judgment. Mr. Cotton has chosen a fruitful subject for his investigations; for, though Barnstaple itself was scarcely a place of first-rate importance, its story between 1642 and 1646 almost necessarily includes the events of the war in North Devon, and these are well worth telling, both for their own sake and for the place which they hold in the general history of the period. While treating local matters with a minuteness only possible to the local historian, he has not treated them in a merely local spirit, but has shown the relation in which they stand to affairs of national interest.

In North Devon, as in Somerset, the trading towns took the side of the Parliament, and Barnstaple, though it contained some Royalists, was not an exception to this rule. One of the members of the borough, George Peard, a strong Puritan, and the mover of the resolution for printing the Grand Remonstrance, had great influence with the leading inhabitants, and Barnstaple contributed largely to the expenses of the war. Although at first the Corporation had so little idea of what lay before them that they authorized the Mayor to spend 10*l.* on the fortifications of the town, they soon laid out more than 2,200*l.* on various military works, among which was the repair of the Castle. This castle occupied a mound once probably crowned by some rude fort of early days. To this succeeded a shell-keep built by Judhael of Totnes, who was, as his name shows, a Breton, and not a "powerful Norman," as he is described here. In the Earl of Bath the town had a near neighbour who seemed for a time likely to cause it some trouble; but his attempt to enforce the Commission of Array was defeated by a riot at South Molton, and his estates were soon afterwards sequestered for delinquency. More formidable foes soon appeared, and Barnstaple took a leading part in the struggle between the counties of Devon and Cornwall. In consequence of the movements of the Cornish army under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, the garrison was reinforced by a number of the county Militia, and troops sent out by the town—"neere 1,000 Horse and Foot"—attacked with doubtful success a detachment of Hopton's army at Torrington. Towards the end of January 1643 a Barnstaple contingent took part in the skirmish at Chagford, where Sidney Godolphin, "that young gentleman of incomparable parts," was shot, and about three weeks later, when the Royalists were threatening Plymouth, a body of Barnstaple and Bideford men led the attack on the two regiments stationed at Modbury under Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Trevanion. In this engagement, which is not mentioned by Clarendon, and has been transferred by the editor of the *Trevelyan Papers* (Camden Society) to Marlborough, the Parliamentarians were completely successful. While it was in progress a vigorous sortie was made from Plymouth on Hopton's works, and "the immediate result of these operations was the raising of the siege." At the conclusion of a short armistice Hopton made a determined effort to lead his army to the help of the King, who had failed to relieve Reading and was in some danger at Oxford. Colonel Chudleigh, who was in command of a local army, defeated him at Sourton Down "by night in a great tempest of wind and rain," and penned his troops in the northern corner of Cornwall about Launceston, where they soon found themselves short of provisions. Hopton extricated himself by his victory at Stratton, where the Devon men behaved badly, and advanced into Somerset without meeting further opposition. In spite of the loss which the Royalists sustained in the death of Sir Bevil Grenville, we can scarcely agree with Mr. Cotton that the Parliamentarians had, on the whole, the advantage at Lansdown; Waller's works were taken and he was forced to retire to Bath. The battle of Roundway Down and the surrender of Bristol gave the King for a time the ascendancy in the West, and Colonel Digby was sent with a small body of men to complete the reduction of North Devon. Barnstaple and Bideford joined forces, and their army tried to surprise him at Torrington; but, though their troops greatly outnumbered the enemy, they were routed without having made any stand. The Barnstaple Corporation at once set about strengthening their town. They might, however, have spared themselves the expense; for they had not the heart to make any

* *Barnstaple and the Northern Part of Devonshire during the Great Civil War, 1642-1646.* By Richard W. Cotton. Printed for the Author. 1889.

use of their fine new fortifications, and, on receiving a summons from Prince Maurice, who was then near Exeter, promptly agreed to his terms, carrying their submission so far as to assure him that "our intentions have always been, are now, and by the grace of God ever shall be, to Live in all due obedience to his Mat^e and y^e Laws of y^e Land, and to submit to y^e discipline of the Church of England established by Lawe." The surrender took place on September 2, 1643.

In the following June Maurice incautiously withdrew part of the small garrison stationed at Barnstaple, and the townsmen, knowing that Essex was advancing into the West, revolted to the Parliament. Maurice, who was then engaged in escorting the Queen into Cornwall, threatened to sack and burn the town, and detached Digby to retake it. This time the Barnstaple men behaved with considerable gallantry, and though Digby's troops made their way into the town, fought with them in the streets, and finally drove them out. Some curious contemporary notices are given of this preservation of Barnstaple from the "Irish and French," as Maurice's soldiers are called, his army having been joined, as Mr. Cotton notes, by a large body of Irish under Lord Inchiquin, and being partly made up of the Queen's French regiment. Mr. Cotton proves that the historians of the county have done less than justice to the Barnstaple men by asserting that Digby's attack was repulsed by, or with the help of, a detachment from the army of Essex; the town was defended by its own inhabitants, and no reinforcement was received from Essex until some days later, when Lord Roberts arrived with a garrison. While he was in the town he hanged a prisoner named Howard or Hayward, who had been an officer in the Parliamentary army, and had deserted to the King. Other Devon men had done the same. Colonel Chudleigh, the victor at Sourton Down, and Captain Thomas Drake, and a considerable number of officers and men had gone over to the King's side after the fight at Stratton. Poor Hayward's death made some stir, and in retaliation a sea-captain, named Turpin, was hanged at Exeter by Sir John Berkeley. It is strange that during the time that Barnstaple was held for the Parliament no attempt was made to repair the defences; "more than half the guns remained unmounted, and lying on the quays." Yet danger was not far off, for Sir Francis Dodington, "that bloody wolf," Nehemiah Wallington calls him, attacked Ilfracombe within a dozen miles of Barnstaple, and burnt some part of the town. At the end of about three months Barnstaple again changed hands. After Essex's disaster in Cornwall it was summoned by Goring, and was surrendered without a blow. It was stipulated that the town should not be occupied by a garrison. A condition of this kind was generally only observed so long as it did not interfere with the interests of the party in power; and some disturbances, for which the Mayor and Corporation were called to account by Sir John Berkeley, then "Colonel-General of Devon and Cornwall," gave a fair reason for subjecting Barnstaple to military occupation. Sir Allen Apsley, the Royalist Governor, was a vigorous officer, and bitter, and evidently exaggerated, stories about his tyranny were published in London. He at once set about strengthening the defences of the town, and carried on the work with so much thoroughness and expedition that in two months' time Sir Edward Hyde declared that Barnstaple "was the most miraculously fortified place" that he knew. It was, therefore, determined to send the Prince of Wales thither when he was forced to leave Bristol on account of the plague. A few notices are given of his residence at Barnstaple, where he was entertained by a widow named Grace Beaple, who "dressed all his meat," and lent him money. As far as North Devon is concerned, the remainder of the war was marked by few incidents of any interest. The King's cause in the West suffered from the rascality of Goring and the selfish insubordination of Richard Grenville, and the Devonshire clubmen declared for the Parliament, for they had less to fear from the army of Fairfax than from Goring's undisciplined cavalry. Meanwhile Fairfax, having gained nearly all Somerset, was making sure, if somewhat slow, progress in Devonshire. Soon after Hopton had accepted the command of the Prince's army he marched to Torrington, apparently in order to secure Barnstaple "as a basis of operations for the relief of Exeter." There Fairfax routed his army in a battle of which Mr. Cotton gives a lucid and animated account. Fairfax followed him into Cornwall, where before long he was forced to capitulate. Before leaving Torrington Fairfax detached a force under Colonel Cook "to block up" Barnstaple. This force consisted chiefly of cavalry, for Fairfax intended that it should cut off any of the Royalist Horse which might escape his pursuit. There was no need to press the siege of Barnstaple; its fall was certain, and all that was immediately necessary was to prevent its small garrison from receiving reinforcements from Hopton's routed army. Nevertheless one assault was made upon the town, and Mr. Cotton points out that Blake, who was then engaged in besieging Dunster Castle, brought his regiment to Barnstaple and joined in the attack. It is possible that some point in the external defences was carried, but "no actual lodgment was effected," and the attempt was virtually a failure. This incident, which is recorded in the tract *Sir Thomas Fairfaxes Letter*, &c., seems to have escaped the notice of all Blake's biographers. After a blockade of seven weeks the town was surrendered, and Barnstaple changed hands for the fourth and last time on April 14, 1646. With its surrender the war in the West practically ended.

A MANUAL OF CONJURING.*

MR. HOFFMANN is something more than a brilliant conjurer. He has invented a large number of clever tricks, and has enormously improved many old ones; and he has written two of the most useful and entertaining of the many manuals of conjuring. It is eleven years since he published *Modern Magic*, which is still the indispensable text-book alike of the amateur wizard and of the curious inquirer who takes a scientific interest in the noble art of conjuring. But in these matters eleven years is a generation, and *Modern Magic* has fallen a little behind the time. It is excellent so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, as this new volume of more than 450 pages demonstrates. During the last eleven years a great deal has happened in the conjuring world. Many of the old performers have dropped out of sight, some of them overwhelmed by the new developments of their art; and at least one man of the first rank has died. The days of ponderous appliances have vanished, and science has taken their place. The new tricks nearly all show the same tendency to simplicity, brilliance, and finish. Even "palming," the most essential, yet the most difficult, art of the conjurer, has improved; and now more than ever the success of a great variety of tricks depends upon the address and dexterity of the performer and upon his accomplishment in sleight of hand. And hereon there is a very curious observation to be made. For long generations it has been the fashion to account for the sudden disappearance of objects handled by the conjurer by the conviction that they had gone "up his sleeve." Now, as a fact, the older conjurers but rarely caused things to vanish in that way. But of late the sleeve has been largely employed as a vanishing point; and thus, after many days, the olden suspicion has found its justification. But we must not divulge the secrets of the prison-house.

Mr. Hoffmann's new book, like the old one, is primarily intended for the guidance of the juvenile conjurer, but a large proportion of the tricks he describes are quite beyond any but the most accomplished of amateurs. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with his earlier manual he might have insisted rather more upon the importance of palming, both as a means to an end and as an art in itself. For no man who is not a clever palmer will ever make a good conjurer. And it must needs be remarked that the palmer is quite as much born as made. There are types of hand which will not permit of good palming. Of such is the squat, fat, short-fingered hand. A long slender hand, not too plump, with elongated pointed fingers and a capacious palm, is the best type. Some information about the hands of conjurers would be of real utility to students of sleight of hand.

Conjuring feats differ so widely, some are so simple and others so complex, that it is impossible to compare them *inter se*. All we can do is to compare the methods of different professors in performing the same trick. Mr. Hoffmann has, therefore, wisely refrained from laying down the law as to the best and the worst classes of tricks. Every spectator will continue to hug his preferences; the more especially since an apparently simple trick is often very difficult, and only to be presented by the aid of complicated apparatus. But it is clear that an effective trick, performed without accessories, and depending solely upon dexterity and address, belongs to a higher department of conjuring than one which requires a great deal of that baggage without which wizards of the old school were unhappy. Conjurers do not now carry about with them, as Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North," was wont to do, seven tons or so of baggage. Yet there never was a time when tricks which are worked as much by the aid of machinery as by manual dexterity were so numerous and so effective. Of late years there has been a constant increase in the number of more or less effective tricks with cards; yet most of those achievements compel the use of mechanical accessories. Of all really elaborate conceptions in conjuring it may be roundly said that they would be impossible without machinery. Of such is M. Buatier de Kolta's "Vanishing Lady," one of the neatest and most finished mystifications that has been produced of late. Mr. Hoffmann tells how that mystification is worked; and the curious student of legerdemain has probably guessed for himself pretty much "how it is done." But we are not going to spoil the pleasure of M. Buatier's audiences and of Mr. Hoffmann's readers by telling tales out of school. What we should have liked Mr. Hoffmann to tell us is the secret of the most surprising of all M. Buatier's conceptions—the Cocoon trick, in which a very charming young person is produced from a sort of chrysalis, apparently far too flat and narrow to conceal even the sylph half of whose form appears from out of it. A less adroit performer would probably have "given away" his secret before now; but M. Buatier's surety of hand and eye is such that it is impossible for all save the most expert to form even a tenable opinion upon the ways and means of that brilliant performance.

There are now so many tricks with cards, and some of them are so brilliant and effective, that Mr. Hoffmann has done well to describe them in some detail. These feats are excellently suited to the amateur burning to distinguish himself in the drawing-room. With a large number of them no apparatus is required, and, once mastered, they are simple and may be performed with a certainty of those little murmurs of astonishment which are so dear to the soul of the conjurer. Yet these seemingly

* *More Magic*. By Professor Hoffmann. London: Routledge & Sons, Limited.

simple tricks are decidedly difficult. All manner of wickedness and deception has to be learned before one really effective card-trick can be performed. Yet many of them are as amusing to the deceiver as to the deceived. To give your enemy, or, still better, your friend, his free choice of any one card in a pack, with the certainty that he will take the one you intend him to take, leads a man to reflect rosiely upon his own exceeding cleverness; and, after all, a man's vanities are the true salt of life and of conjuring. Mr. Hoffmann gives a very lucid description of Robert Houdin's famous trick (too rarely seen now) of making a pack of cards pass up the sleeve. Well done, nothing could be more brilliant; carelessly and timidly performed, nothing can be tamer and more disappointing. Houdin usually followed this trick with an almost equally brilliant, because an exceedingly difficult, trick—enlarging and diminishing the size of a pack of cards at will. In his case sheer manual dexterity did everything; but so few conjurers can equal that wonderful man's clever manipulation that a graduated series of packs—one pack really smaller than the other—is now commonly used. Upon card-tricks which require special apparatus Mr. Hoffmann is especially instructive. In many of these tricks he has himself made ingenious improvements; and, as he knows all about the secrets of other people, including the mysterious Buatier, he has many things under this head to tell that are worth knowing. Most of the tricks which end in the appearance of a chosen card in a *houlette*, upon an easel, or in a crystal frame are worked upon the same system, and many of them require the help of an assistant; and it is one of the superiorities of M. Buatier de Kolta over most other conjurers that he manages illusions of that kind without assistance. There is one little secret which we may, perhaps, be permitted to reveal. Few sleights are more surprising to the uninitiated than those in which a ring, a glove, a card, or even a watch, are supposed to be fired from a pistol at a target. The pistol, of the good old piratical pattern, with which the belts of the Miller and his Men used to be stuffed, is ostentatiously loaded with powder and ball, and is fired off to the delicious terror of the audience. But there is nothing to be afraid of. The bullet does not leave the barrel, since the effective barrel from which the charge (of powder only) is really fired is beneath the dummy barrel, and pretends to be no more than an innocent receptacle for the ramrod.

Next to tricks with cards those with coins are perhaps most useful to the amateur—and it is for the behoof of the amateur that Mr. Hoffmann writes. Many of these sleights are quite easy to learn, and are effective out of all proportion to their simplicity. Very simple, and by no means difficult, is the new and vastly improved "Multiplication of Money" trick, invented by Mr. H. B. Lodge. This consists in manipulating a florin until it produces sixty or eighty more florins. Dexterous palming is all that is needed for this clever achievement, which will create quite as much astonishment as the elaborate and wilful smashing of a gold watch by the aid of complicated appliances. This trick is quite as successful as that most excellent of all common conjuring feats—the production of an orange from the coat-collar, or even the nose, of a spectator. Mr. Hoffmann tells a capital story of the simple wonder of an old pauper woman from whose nose he once gathered an orange. At intervals during the evening she thoughtfully rubbed her nose with her apron, as if tempted to try again on her own account. One of the most famous and most pleasing of conjuring tricks is the smashed watch, which amuses everybody except, perhaps, the owner of the watch, who is apt to look uncomfortable during the operation. But that look of discomfort, as Mr. Hoffmann says, only heightens the delight of the others.

To the amateur, whether literary or practical, Mr. Hoffmann's book would be valuable if for no other reason than that it gives authentic explanations of many well-known and very puzzling achievements of legerdemain—such as the "Vanishing Lady," and the writing on the arm, which caused a good deal of wonderment when it was first introduced some years ago by Dr. Lynn. Of apparently minor but exceedingly ingenious and difficult tricks is the "dissolving handkerchiefs." We do not know if this is the invention of M. Buatier, but if it be not it has been so enormously improved by him that it is practically a new feat. The peculiarity in his performance is, that when he literally "does the trick," he has his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up. He is thus able triumphantly to declare that the handkerchiefs cannot possibly disappear "up his sleeve." Nor do they. If anybody wants to know where they do go to, let him consult Mr. Hoffmann's book. It is pleasing to learn that there is one conjuring feat, and, we believe, only one, that has never yet been imitated, and that is Mr. Hartz's Inexhaustible Hat. Mr. Hartz is, of course, a man of astonishing genius in matters of legerdemain—

None but himself can be his parallel.

It would not be difficult to divine every one of Mr. Hartz's secrets, but he has brought sleight of hand to such amazing perfection that whoso should endeavour (and many have endeavoured in private) to imitate it would have but his labour for his pains. As well might a tragedian, even of heroic mould, endeavour to imitate Mr. Irving's reading of *Hamlet*.

It says much for the amiability of conjurers that they should be willing to tell their mysteries, either to Mr. Hoffmann or to the makers of conjuring apparatus. Had they been more secret the world would have lost some exceedingly amusing books, and generations of spectators would have lost a vast amount of enjoy-

ment. For it is a curious fact that the knowledge of "how it's done" heightens the interest with which the learned in legerdemain watch a brilliant performance. If you are a true student, when you know all about it your respect for the performer's dexterity is vastly increased.

ROULETTE.*

THE days are happily gone by when every watering-place on the Continent attracted travellers by the fatal fascination of roulette. The Governments of Western Europe have grown moral, in this respect at all events, and no public gaming-table is within easy reach of tourists, except that at the diminutive Principality of Monaco. Long threatened by public opinion, it yet maintains itself, in spite of the ecclesiastical censures of the Anglican Bishop having jurisdiction over the Mediterranean, who discountenances it to the extent of refusing to appoint a chaplain to the place, holding, apparently, that it is better that ninety-nine sinners should be lost than that one should be saved.

"Professor" J. S. Bond, who, in order to show that he is in close communication with the headquarters of the game, dates from a neighbouring town, has brought out a little manual on the subject of Roulette. He is also very anxious that his address should be known, because he starts by informing his readers that he has given a lifetime's study to the subject, and then volunteers to give advice thereon gratuitously, either by correspondence or personal interview, to any serious players who may wish to consult him. Certainly, if such players wish to extract any information out of the "Professor," in the way of finding a golden road to fortune, they must resort to his kindly offer of personal advice, for they will get little comfort from his book. Perhaps it is intended as a warning, and not as an encouragement to the practice to which he has devoted his own life; if so, all honour to him; but his meaning might have been expressed a little more clearly. Mr. Bond—it is, perhaps, as well to drop the designation of "Professor," in our ignorance of the authority which entitled him to assume it—magniloquently announces his view of modern history. According to him, it is but the history of the gradual encroachment of science on the domain of chance; this granted, it may be conceded to him that it would indeed be a singular thing if so-called games of chance were the only exception to the rule. We are led to infer, therefore, that, in Mr. Bond's opinion, roulette is incorrectly included among games of chance; probably, in fact, his chief intention in coming before the public is to prove as much as this. Perhaps—in view of Mr. Bond's dictum it is safer not to say *perchance*—he proves a little too much. Some people may be disappointed on opening the manual, and seeing the first paragraph headed "Laws of Roulette," to find that no "Laws," in the sense of rules for playing the game, are given. Mr. Bond, no doubt, takes it for granted that every one is familiar with these. The laws which he undertakes to expound are his exposition of the results of his study of the doctrine of chances; on which he, at any rate, does take on himself to lay down the law with an amount of dogmatism calculated to frighten off any one from venturing to question them. We are told that it is useless for a player to argue on the subject at all until he has thoroughly familiarized himself with these laws, and got them as perfectly in his head as a geometer has the axioms of Euclid; that, in fact, one might as well criticize the Eiffel Tower without knowing the first principles of mechanics. We are warned that this obvious truism is generally neglected, and that the most ignorant tyro will undertake to give his notion of the laws of roulette, or, worse than all, will unhesitatingly pronounce that it has no laws at all. A careful examination of Mr. Bond's treatise leads rather to the conclusion that, on his showing, this latter is not very far from the truth—namely, that there is very little law about it. According to the definition of the best publicists, a law means a rule obliging to a course of conduct. What course of conduct is the outcome of the principles set forth here? Let us examine his propositions somewhat in detail. Mr. Bond enumerates six different laws. The first he calls the Law of Marches, a *marche* being the particular way of choosing at each spin the colour or chance on which the player elects to stake. The law is that every *marche*, in its results—i.e. the proportion of gains and losses—equals every other *marche*. This law Mr. Bond demonstrates from the fact that no one has ever succeeded in inventing a bad *marche*, for if any one did discover such a system—i.e. one in which he would lose more bets than he would win—any one else could immediately convert it into a good one by the simple process of reversing it. According to this, it would seem that a player who has convinced himself that his system is a bad one—a conviction at which most players arrive pretty soon—has only got to reverse his system in order to ensure success. But it would be doing Mr. Bond an injustice to assume that he means this. All he means is, that in the long run one system is as good or as bad as another, which may be and probably is true, but certainly is not comforting. It is necessary, in fact, to read in the important qualification, *in the long run*, into most of Mr. Bond's statements about the chances at roulette, and the run is generally long enough to break any individual player who plays at intervals not sufficiently long for his luck to come round again, while to the bank, which

* *The Problem of Roulette.* By Professor J. S. Bond. London: Harrison & Sons. 1889.

plays steadily on and on, the luck really does come round again, so that, even if it had no chances in its favour, it would still have the advantage as against casual opponents. According to the well-understood law of averages, it is quite true that a given figure, or series of figures, will recur a certain number of times within a given series; the difficulty that upsets any system of play is that the series is so long that it is utterly impossible for any player to reckon on being able to hit off with certainty the period of recurrence; he is broken long before it arrives, and has only the melancholy satisfaction of being able to prove that it is mathematically certain that he must have won back his losses if only he could have held out long enough. Mr. Bond depicts accurately enough the phases of illusion and disillusion through which an unfortunate novice passes in his wild-goose chase after a good "march," only to reach the conclusion after all that one is as good, or as bad, as another.

The next law which Mr. Bond enunciates is what he calls the Law of Constant Play and its converse fallacy of occasional play. The law is this:—That, at whatever table you play, and for whatever periods, long or short, the *sum* of all of them will amount to exactly the same chances for or against you as if you had played continuously. He points out that you cannot "cheat luck" by going from table to table, or by playing an hour one day and another hour on the next, or at any other intervals. On any one given occasion a player has just the same chance with any conceivable system, or, as we have seen above, with none at all, of having the run for or against him; but a repetition of these occasional attacks brings him into the sphere of continuous play, and renders him subject to its laws. Here, again, the amount of comfort to be extracted from the law is somewhat negative. Mr. Bond next passes on to what he designates the very important Law of Equilibrium—namely, that in the long run there will be absolute equilibrium in the various chances, and in the number of wins and losses, exactly in proportion to the amount of chances for or against them. The fallacy connected with this law is that in any definite number of turns an equilibrium of chances will take place. Mr. Bond admits that, though the law is absolutely true in itself, it is utterly useless for practical purposes, because, before the condition of equilibrium is reached, a deviation of incalculable extent may take place, and that Rothschild himself might be ruined while waiting for the equilibrium. This deviation Mr. Bond terms the *écart*, and he lays down as his fourth law that its extent is always indefinite, that no one can gauge its probable duration. Though, however, the absolute duration of the *écart* is indefinite, its percentage, according to Mr. Bond, diminishes with the number of balls spun. This statement is apparently in contradiction to the previously established Law of Equilibrium; and, in fact, Mr. Bond, having made it, immediately proceeds to upset it by demonstrating that, in spite thereof, the net result to a player on a sufficiently large average of spins would as nearly as possible be exactly nothing. The fifth law offered for our acceptance, the Law of Series, is in the following terms—that the recurrence of any series, whether of one colour or of any figure or combination of figures, takes place in the inverse ratio of its complication. This is simply another method of stating the obvious truism that, if the chances are two to one against you, they will turn up—in the long run, be it always borne in mind—exactly twice as often as if they were four to one. It was hardly worth while to go into an elaborate series of calculations, illustrated by diagrams and tables, to establish a proposition of so simple a nature as this. The last law which Mr. Bond undertakes to lay down—the Law of Progressions—is somewhat difficult to analyse, because he does not condescend to state it in any definite terms; but it is evident, from his commentary on it, that it amounts to just about as much as several of his other laws—that is, to nothing. To give his own words at the conclusion of an elaborate exposition of play, "The whole amount of what we shall have painfully won by the ballottage will be exactly swallowed up by the *écart*."

The Law of the Zero scarcely seems worthy, even in Mr. Bond's estimation, of being dignified by such an imposing title; for he does not attempt to formulate it in terms, and yet it is the mainstay of the bank. As played at Monte Carlo, whenever the Zero turns up the bank, apparently, impounds all the money on the table, and plays the next spin simply on the colour, giving back their stakes to those who have spotted it correctly. It does not require much trouble to demonstrate that this is one chance in thirty-seven absolutely against the player; the bank must win from all who have staked on the wrong colour, and loses nothing to those who have staked on the right. This chance is estimated by Mr. Bond at 1:37 per cent. in favour of the bank; well may he say that Zero has built the Casino and is the real Prince of Monaco. In conclusion, Mr. Bond states the problem thus:—No player can hope to win more bets than the bank by any conceivable *marche* or system, yet each will certainly have to pay the tribute to the Zero, while running the chance of the indefinite *écart*; is it possible to win against these odds? Mr. Bond hints obscurely that, by new methods in strict adherence to the laws which he has enumerated, success is possible, but he gives no sort of intimation of the nature of the method. Taken as a warning against ever playing roulette, his treatise may possibly be useful; taken as a guide towards the attainment of success in playing the game, it only amounts to what he considers as the principal factor therein—Zero.

A NATURALIST IN NORTH CELEBES.*

OF the five huge islands or small continents which stud the Indian seas between Asia and Australia, the least known, except New Guinea, is perhaps Celebes, which, like a gigantic spider, thrusts its four curious peninsulas north and east and south into the ocean. It is larger than England and Wales, longer than Great Britain, and its coast-line is positively not less than two thousand miles. Of this enormous extent of territory, the centre remains absolutely unexplored and unknown; and, indeed, it is the mere finger-nails on the hands of its immense arms which alone have been described with any minuteness by Europeans. The Dutch are nominally the masters of Celebes; but their sovereignty is limited to a few settlements. As early as 1513, we think, the Portuguese had a factory at Makassar; they abandoned it, and were succeeded by the English about a century later, while in 1667 the Dutch succeeded in violently exiling our countrymen under circumstances not dissimilar to those the record of which has survived in literature in the *Amboyna* of Dryden. According to Mr. Hickson, the author of the fascinating volume before us, the Dutch sway appears to have steadily dwindled. In an account of Dutch Celebes which now lies before us, drawn up some sixty years ago, the settlements of Europeans are much more numerous than Mr. Hickson describes, and Fort Rotterdam, which was then the seat of government, is not so much as mentioned by this latest traveller in Celebes. The present capital is Makassar, a fine town built on either side of a magnificent avenue of tamarind trees in the extreme south-west of the island.

Mr. Hickson's zoological labours, however, were mainly conducted at the opposite, or north-easterly, extremity of the country. Taking a steamer from Makassar, he crossed the Equator, and arrived in three days at Manado, the capital of the northern colony, where a visit from an educated Englishman was hailed as an event as welcome as it was extraordinary. It was Mr. Hickson's purpose to make Manado the centre of his operations, but he had scarcely arrived when he discovered that, by a signal piece of good fortune, a British man-of-war had just reached Banka Straits, the northern frontier of Celebes, for surveying purposes, and that he would be cordially welcomed on board of her. "The chances," he says, "that were thus open to me of choosing a suitable locality for my work, and investigating a large extent of coral reef, before I finally settled down, were such as any naturalist in those regions might dream of for years without realizing"; and consequently he took an opportunity which immediately offered of joining the *Flying Fish* at Banka.

He was soon in the ecstasy of bumping, for the first time, on the jewelled coral-reef of a tropical shore. The Banka Straits is a small sea almost entirely enclosed between Celebes on the south and the lesser islands of Talisse and Ganga on the west and Banka on the east. Wholly unknown to English travellers, these islands are under the sway of Holland; and at Koa, in Talisse, there is a tiny Dutch settlement, with a resident overseer. This Banka Sea is particularly favourable for the work of a naturalist, since its waters are commonly of a glassy stillness, and its coasts present every variety of tropical shore—coral reef, steep rocks, and river sand. As the guest of the officers of the *Flying Fish*, Mr. Hickson visited all parts of this inland sea, and passed outside it round the corner of Celebes, and even to several of the little-known chain of islands stretching northwards to the Philippines. In the course of this voyage he had the unusual good fortune to be able to explore and ascend the curious oceanic volcano of Ruang. The result of all these explorations, however, was to persuade him that for his peculiar purpose as a zoologist no spot offered so many advantages as Talisse. He therefore parted from his hospitable friends, and proceeded to make the village of Koa his headquarters.

His daily life at Talisse is sketched by Mr. Hickson in graphic, and yet modest, language. He made some discoveries which, we fancy, are not generally known to naturalists. For instance, he was at first greatly disappointed to find that in these tropical waters his surface-net at first almost always came up empty. At last it struck him that, perhaps, he did not come out early enough; and so, in fact, it was; for in the early morning hours every sweep of his net brought up countless pelagic forms of all sorts and sizes. This was probably due to the coolness of the surface at that time of day. Of his experiences, however, the most disappointing seems to have been his attempt at orchid-hunting. It appears that to collect orchid-bulbs in the neighbourhood of the swamps is a remarkably trying employment. The moment you try to pull the orchid away from the tree on which it grows, legions of fierce red ants, of alarming size, turn round upon you, and proceed to run up your arms, down your neck, up inside your trousers, and everywhere else where flesh can be found, and nip you to the verge of madness. Mr. Hickson, however, does not seem to be easily daunted; he made a large collection of bulbs, and then, during a serious illness, they all went bad. Such is life!

A subject to which our naturalist gave a good deal of useful observation was the action of direct exposure to the flood-tide from the open ocean upon coral growth. He thinks that it is owing to the scouring action of the tide settling on the eastern shores of Celebes and the neighbouring islets that the coral does not seem to flourish there. The only two conspicuous mammals

* *A Naturalist in North Celebes*. By Sydney J. Hickson. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

which Mr. Hickson observed on Talisse were the tailless black baboon (*Cynopithecus nigrescens*) and that odd nocturnal prowler, the *Cuscus celebensis*; the strange fact being that, of these two forms, one is characteristic of the African fauna and the other of the widely distinct region of Australia. The babirusa, the curious pig of Celebes, common on the mainland close by, is not found wild any longer on Talisse itself. The mangrove swamp proved to be a field of striking interest from a biological point of view. There is some reason to believe that corals feed on vegetable substances, and that their subsistence is to some extent supplied by debris from trees in the mangrove swamps. If this is indeed the case, it is easy to see why the coral-banks in the neighbourhood of these latter are commonly so much more healthy than those which line steeper and barer shores. It also seems probable that the water which drains the mangrove swamps carries down with it a great quantity of carbonic acid in solution, and that this directly stimulates the formation of lime, and, therefore, of the skeleton-walls of growing coral.

After some months spent at Talisse, Mr. Hickson seized an opportunity of visiting the curious and little-known archipelago, or series of archipelagos, lying in the Indian Sea, north of Celebes. The Resident of Manado had to make an official tour through such islands as lie under the protectorate of Holland, and Mr. Hickson was invited, with extreme cordiality, to accompany the party. He was accordingly able to visit places which, it is very probable, no educated Englishman, and very few Europeans of any nationality, had previously seen. The most remote point reached by the expedition was the Nanusa group, inhabited by a cowed and phlegmatic race of Malays, in whose principal village Mr. Hickson was fortunate enough to succeed in purchasing "god-cages" and fetish praus of highly primitive workmanship. A more important archipelago, lying isolated in the northern offing of the Straits of Molucca, is the Talaut Islands, the principal village of which is Pultan, where a boat was sent ashore to fetch the Rajah:—

The Rajah of Pultan and his people were miserable-looking, half-starved individuals, and were all bent half double with awe or fright as they approached the Resident. They seemed to be more comfortable when they were squatting in a row on the deck, and supporting one another shoulder to shoulder, like a group of monkeys. The Rajah's hair was long, black, and rather crimped, and his head was covered with a dirty cloth fashioned like a turban, which he removed when he came on board. He was clothed in a loose-hanging garment of native manufacture; and, judging from his appearance, must have had very little contact at any time with Europeans or European manufactures.

In most of these islands the Resident was met by terrible stories of sickness and death from dysentery. The atmosphere was pestilential, and it appeared that the elements of hygienic care had everywhere been neglected. According to Mr. Hickson, the decrease of this harmless population is mainly due to its persistent laziness and dirtiness. At Béo, in Talaut, three thousand people had died, out of a population of nine thousand, yet it seemed less the climate which was at fault than the absence of all sanitary care. From Talaut they steamed westward to Great Sangir, and passed under the crest of the most formidable of all the fire-spouting mountains of the Moluccas, the awful Awu volcano. One of the most valuable of Mr. Hickson's chapters deals with the characteristics of the Sangir Islands.

The naturalist's return to his station on Talisse was, unhappily, soon followed by a tedious illness. He does not say so; but we may conjecture that the germs of this disease were caught in the fever-stricken villages of Talaut. At all events, it proved so severe that he was obliged to give up his work and return to Manado, on the mainland of Celebes, where he resided, in a fine wholesome air, from January until September 1886, when he returned to England. He occupied the greater part of these months in studying the natural history, language, mythology, and folklore of Minahassa, the Dutch colony which occupies the extremity of the northern peninsula of Celebes, and of which the capital is Manado. In April he visited the interior of the province, passing through mountain scenery of great beauty, and reaching, high up in the brilliant air, the ancient city of Tondano, which lies, among its gardens of flowers, on the shores of a large and romantic lake. The remainder of Mr. Hickson's volume is mainly occupied with chapters on the mythology, the customs, and the romances of the Minahassers, and of various miscellaneous points connected with the history of Northern Celebes. The style of the author is simple and unaffected. He is exceedingly modest with regard to his own exploits, and his occasional frank confessions of failure or of imperfect knowledge give the reader great confidence in the truth of his substantial statements. He has considerably increased our acquaintance with a little-visited portion of the globe. His book is adorned by two good maps, several illustrations, and a remarkably full bibliography of works—the great majority of them in the Dutch language—dealing with Celebes and its products.

LORD ROSSLYN'S POEMS.*

THE larger and more interesting portion of Lord Rosslyn's new book of poems is occupied entirely by the sonnet, a metrical form familiar to the author, and one in which he has repeatedly sought and achieved distinction. The present volume,

by its wider range and fuller representation of the poet's gifts and craftsmanship, will strengthen the favourable impression created by his earlier and slighter publication. Lord Rosslyn's sonnets comprise many specimens that are certain to please the sensitive ear and the critical faculty of purists. That they do not invariably run with the little theories of pedants, who treat the "scanty plot" like a surveyor with a five-foot rule and decry the sinful luxury of free rhyming, is a matter that leaves us entirely undisturbed. Grace and simplicity, a happy facility of expression, and verse that has a dulcet flow, distinguish the greater number of Lord Rosslyn's sonnets. They are in Italian form and in English; and, whether orthodox or free, they are, with few exceptions, true sonnets and individual poems, never sonnet-stanzas, though a continuity of mood or emotion is naturally and gracefully maintained through a sequence of the poems. So much has been written of late on the structure of the sonnet in the merely sterile way of pedantry that there was, and is still, a real danger that the sonnet would be degraded to a mechanical toy in the hands of formalists. Indeed, it has fared no better in the exercise-books of not a few minor singers. From this or any other species of artifice Lord Rosslyn's poetry is absolutely free. Whether it is the sonnets of personal or social inspiration, or those of meditation, or the memorial sonnets, or the sonnets of places—and in these two latter sections we find the best of the poet's work—the poetic impulse possesses the poetic form as a guiding, controlling, inspiring force. Sweetness and fluency, clearness of vision, a happy simplicity of diction, characterize the sonnets. The poet himself is not more just when he confesses his sympathy with calm, clear utterance of poetic truth and his distrust of "clamorous sublimities" and distempered rhapsody:—

The Muse I love belongs to every age;
And, true herself, writes truth, and truth alone;
Nature and truth live pictured on her page;
Without the one the others were undone.

The confession of this modest faith is amply sustained by the charming "Tyrolean Sonnets," a melodious series of descriptive and contemplative poems which will afford pleasure to all lovers of the sonnet. A pretty fancy is quaintly treated in the following samples from the "Sonnets of Meditation" on neglected old prints in a portfolio:—

They lie within this purgatorial book,
In patient waiting for the Day of Doom,
As lost, as labours of the Tyrian loom,
This courtly smile or that imperious look!
Here simpers Phyllis with a flowery crook,
And there frowns one who sought the cannon's boom,
And courted peril, as a mistress whom
He madly worshipped, and by yonder brook
A loving pair stand gazing into space—
They whisper fondly of their future home,
Though dead a hundred years! A cruel fate
Is theirs indeed, each packed within this case—
Unhappy prisoners in a dusty tome
That closes o'er them like the Inferno's Gate!

Some of Lord Rosslyn's most notable sonnets will be found among those commemorative of distinguished personages; and these, like the various sets of sonnets in the book, are marked by the eloquence of sincerity and simplicity. Lord Rosslyn evidently loves not that windy yet imposing sonority of phrase which is the staple of most post-Rossetian sonnets. He is not afraid of being monosyllabic through a whole verse, nor of plain rhymes in an Italian form; and his sonnets seldom hang at the rhyming, as in the modern manner. To give one more example, here is one of the "Tyrolean Sonnets"; its title "The Priest at Gastein":—

If pleasure were the aim and end of all,
And Life, so called, to be the final bound
Of my existence; then this thrilling sound—
Tumultuous music of the waterfall
At play for ever with the rocks—might call
My days to poetry, and this spangled ground,
Where nature's fairest offerings abound,
Might be my couch and they at last my pall.
But the proud prodigal Earth is not my home,
Nor the dark forest my abiding place;
These passing blooms but captivate the eye.
The closer sanctuary needs me, and I come
To guide a wayward and rebellious race
To Him who bore His Cross to Calvary.

The "Translations" and "Stanzas for Music," with which Lord Rosslyn's book concludes, include some admirable renderings from Béranger, Musset, Lamartine, and Mürger; while in the lyrical section that follows there are several songs that cannot but appeal to composers of music, and may, we trust, in their hands, find sympathetic setting. It is time that the general dreariness of latter-day "song-words" should be redeemed.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

WRITERS who follow the method of M. Jules Verne lag far behind that lively and ingenious inventor. Mr. André, indeed, is an exception; but Mr. André is no imitator, and his *Conquest of the Moon* is altogether an exceptional book, whereas we have nothing but a careful imitation of M. Jules Verne in *Babylon Electrified* (Chapman & Hall), a translation from the

* *Sonnets and Poems*. By the Earl of Rosslyn. Dedicated to the Queen. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

French by Frank Linstow White, with illustrations by Montader. The story tells of the exploitation of Mesopotamia by a wealthy Englishman and French and English engineers, whose aim is to restore prosperity to Babylon by electricity. The party comprises Sir John Badger, Baronet, always spoken of as "Lord Badger," his daughter, "Miss Nelly," a good study of the "English Miss," a pressman, a German archaeologist picked up *en route* to Babylon, and two engineers, who become enamoured of the lively Miss Nelly and desperate rivals. The French origin and the American printing of the book are tolerably apparent, apart from the title-page. "Traveler," of course, we have, and in one place we read "two liters of hydrogen for one liter of oxygen." The adjective "vulgar," applied to a magpie, instead of the English equivalent "common," is another freak of translation. The story has but a languid movement until the final catastrophe is approached, and is, on the whole, heavy reading for romantic spirits. The scheme of the electricians is, however, cleverly devised. It involves the utilization of solar heat by means of the identical apparatus described and depicted in the *Conquest of the Moon*, and embraces lighting, heating, irrigation, and other means of restoring a ruined kingdom. The drawings by Montader are as good as French book illustration is wont to be. Mr. Kirk Munroe's *Golden Days of '49* (W. H. Allen & Co.) is a sample from American literature for boys, and may be prescribed as an excellent alternative to sufferers from a surfeit of sea stories. It is a vivacious narrative of the fortunes of two adventurers in the early days of Californian gold-fields. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the country and the desperate society of the diggings. One of his heroes is a diverting character. His whole vocabulary is compacted of the slang of the gaming-saloons and miners' lingo. When his companion rescues him from a dilemma that looks like a *ne plus ultra*, his enthusiasm is striking:—"Pard, you're the bulliest kind of a trump that ever was led for a man to follow! You're a circus with three rings! Do we hold over Bowers? You may bet your sweet life we do! Have we got him where the wool's all wore off the top of his head? Oh, little old Lizzy Jane and all the girls! Never mind me, pard. I'm a brass band, and I've got to toot. Hooray for Andy Jackson!" Bowers is a sneaking villain who has possessed himself of a certain map which is the key to a mysterious Val d'Oro they had intended to prospect. Here they find nuggets as plentiful as plums in a Christmas pudding, so plentiful that the Californian is troubled by the abundance, finding it "harder to play a hand that's all face cards and trumps, according to Hoyle, than one that don't show a colour in the pan"—a pretty confusion of metaphors. "Thirsty Thurston," as he is called, is always entertaining, and never at a loss at the pinch of peril. Referring to the scores of abandoned towns and settlements in California, and the common reproach of foreigners that there are no ruins in America, he exclaims:—"Ruins! Well, now, if this here little old State of California can't beat the shell for ruins, same as she does for everything else that can be mentioned, then I'm a galoot! Why, stranger, in the amount and variety and generally ornery aspect of our ruins, we can easy lay over the world, and not half try." But Mr. Munroe's story must be read. It is thoroughly enjoyable from first to last. *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds* (Blackie & Sons), by Dr. Gordon Stables, is the story of a boy who loved to dream of combining the incompatible pursuits of hunter and anchorite. Growing up, he starts off on a mission to find a lost friend in the wilds of Ecuador, and has the best of luck in adventures and the happy result of his enterprise. As in Mr. Hutcheson's *Black Man's Ghost*, the story introduces us to the Galapagos Islands and a buccaneer's treasure. For sheer fortuitous meetings Dr. Stables's story beats the record. Never did writer so defy the doctrine of cool calculators.

Independence of another kind is shown by Dr. Stables in *Exiles of Fortune*, one of a goodly collection of wholesome and interesting gift-books for the young issued by Messrs. J. F. Shaw & Co. In this story we are interested at the opening in the unhappy severance, through a misunderstanding, of two young men, one of whom flies the country, thinking he has caused the death of his friend. He joins a party voyaging to Alaska and Arctic seas; and of these two youths we hear little or nothing till the very last chapter. The voyage and its incidents are full of interest; yet we resent somewhat plunging into what is virtually a new story. From Messrs. Shaw & Co.'s list we select Mrs. Marshall's admirable, lifelike, and artistic tale, *The End Crowns All*; Miss Emily Holt's historical romances, *Behind the Veil* and *It Might Have Been*, the last an eminently successful example of the writer's careful, yet picturesque, treatment of historical material; and Mrs. Shaw's sound and interesting moral story, *Lilian's Hope*, with its effective illustration of conflicting love and duty. By Jennie Chappell we have a pretty story for children, *Little Radiance*, and *Berne's Bargain*, fully as pleasing, and enforcing lessons for young boys, never wholly needless. The difficulty of blending religious instruction with fiction is attacked with varying success in *Little Ruth's Lady*, by E. Everett-Green; *Miss Mollie and her Boys*, by L. Marston; Mrs. Marshall's *Robert's Race*, and Miss Stebbings's "*Never and For Ever*," and in the last two the didactic purpose is skilfully subordinated to what should be the first aim of the story-teller. In *Shaw's Popular Stories* are contributions by Mrs. Meade, Brenda, Emily S. Holt, and other practised hands, and excellent cheap fiction is supplied by "Shaw's Home Series," in which we note new editions of *Gipsy*

Rock, *Joyce Tregarthen*, &c., and by "Shaw's Penny Series," which includes *The Expected Guest*, by S. W. Oswald, a capital little story, and *The Boy Martyr*, a much less edifying tale. Finally, to close our survey of Messrs. Shaw's books with a *bonne bouche*, we have a pleasant story about children in Emily Brodie's *Old Christie's Cabin*.

At the head of Messrs. Nelson & Sons' books must be placed a new illustrated edition of *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, with tasteful binding, good woodcuts, red-edged paper, and good type. Altogether a popular book in comely guise. The heroine of the Rev. E. A. Rand's *Margie at the Harbour Light* is the pious daughter of a lighthouse-keeper; she is well charged with religious convictions, and courageously improves every occasion for their strengthening. The experienced lady who writes under the mystical letters A.L.O.E. carries us far afield in *Beyond the Black Waters*, a story of the blameless Karens of Burmah, concerning whom the author offers an interesting account derived from sound sources. The sensational element in the book is a little too obtrusive, and the story is not skilfully told. *Follow the Right*, by G. E. Wyatt, is a story in praise of the inflexible discharge of duty—a good story altogether, with an absurd illustration by way of frontispiece, which is intended to depict a schoolboy pluckily saving a spaniel from an approaching train, but reveals a deliberate boy placing the unfortunate beast in the way of the engine for instant execution. The converse of this graphic art is shown in the delightful picture of a boy riding an ostrich in Eleanor Stredder's bright and brisk story of a boy's life in South Africa, *Jack and his Ostrich*. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is read originally, everybody must admit, for the story's sake, and the allegory is left for mature cogitation. *Going on Pilgrimage*, by Lucy Taylor, appears to be designed to rectify this ancient usage. It supplies a commentary to the book and explains Bunyan's allegory. The thing is done with judgment; but was it worth doing? We protest we cannot think it necessary, though harmless it may well be.

Mrs. Maclehoose's treatment of the *Faerie Queene* belongs to another category of work. Her *Tales from Spenser* (Glasgow: Maclehoose & Sons) is a delightful book for children. The allegory is properly ignored, comment there is none, and the writer narrates the fascinating legends of Una, Florimel, Pastorella, and so forth, with admirable fidelity and sympathy, in a style that is both simple and elegant. The book could not have been better executed had it been the work of the Lambs. Mrs. Molesworth's stories are deservedly favourites with parents as well as with children. *The Rectory Children*, with drawings by Walter Crane (Macmillan & Co.), is a very interesting example, the heroine of which is an odd, cross, uncomfortable little girl, ever in scrapes and ever engaging for all her wilful ways. Her triumphant evolution upwards in conduct and temper is depicted with admirable art. Mr. Alfred Fryer's *Travels in Dreamland* (Swan Sonnenschein) is a fairy tale endowed with a fair proportion of old-fashioned glamour and fancy. The hero of Mr. John Bickerdyke's pretty fairy-legend, *An Irish Midsummer Night's Dream* (Sampson Low & Co.), is an angler on an Irish lake, depicted with an angler's enthusiasm for the craft. The fairy scenes are delicately presented, and Mr. Morant Cox's graceful illustrations are very sympathetic with the author's charming phantasy. Stories for girls reveal little variety of scope, though some are less like the ordinary girl's book of the season than a full-fledged novel. *For Honour's Sake*, by Jennie Chappell (Partridge), has this larger projection. It is fairly interesting, smoothly written, with some power of character-sketching, and far too prolix in narration. Another story needlessly prolonged is *Mr. Orde's Grandchildren*, by Cecilia S. Lowndes (Nisbet & Co.), a family story, the domestic interest of which is scarcely sufficient to sustain the reader to the end. *One Little Vein of Dross* (Nisbet & Co.)—an odd title, by the way—is a story told by a young lady who married a rich man and discovered one little vein of dross in his character, which proved to be, after all, no very serious matter. It is a wholesome and placid recital. Mrs. W. S. Burton's *Annabel* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), an excellent story for young girls, is healthy in tone and full of stirring sentiment, without a touch of sentimentality.

Among novelties for children we have a "movable toy book," designed by Lothar Megendorfer, *Curious Creatures* (Grevel & Co.), with ingenious pictures of animals, birds, and insects, which by a simple mechanical contrivance become exceedingly gay and active. Even the snail on a vine-leaf pops out of his shell on pulling a card tab, while the astonishing weasel in the long grass plays at hide-and-seek with three sly rabbits. This is a very diverting book for the nursery. *Laugh and Learn*, by Jennett Humphreys (Blackie & Son), offers the little ones the shortest and pleasantest road to the mastery of home-lessons of every description. If ever learning was reconciled to play, it is in this ingenious and useful volume. *Children's Stories in English Literature*, by Henrietta Christian Wright (Ward & Downey), comprises sketches of historical characters, poets, kings, statesmen, heroes, not in all respects so simple in style as children require. The paraphrases of Spenser and Chaucer are simple even to baldness; but there is not a little in the book that will make young listeners or readers ready inquirers. Perhaps this result is part of the author's intent. Miss Alice Weber's *Some Other People* is a pretty story, with pretty illustrations, of the pleasant means devised by certain kind folk to make the recovery of some sick children pleasant and profitable. Most children will be pleased with the "fragile fancies" that form the staple of *Soap Bubbles* (Smith & Innes).

a collection of dainty stories and sketches of fairies, and the like, with drawings by T. Pym.

Two young people of wonderful gifts, a boy and a girl, figure in Mr. Frank Stockton's *What Might Have Been* (Allen & Co.) They are miracles of self-control, resource, enterprise, and "grit." Among other deeds hitherto appropriated by adults, they float a telegraph company, and appear to carry their project to actual working successfully. We are compelled to speak with bated confidence, because some twenty pages, at the critical point of the story, are missing from our copy of the book. The Christmas Annuals this year make the usual display of chromos and supplementary plates. The *Graphic* offers the bravest pictorial show in colour with Mr. Hugh Thomson's humorous "Two Jolly Postboys"; Mr. Frank Dadd's "Snowed up at Christmas," "Uncle Bill's Pie" by "Mars," and so forth. The "preliminary number" of the *Daily Graphic* issued with the Christmas number will stimulate curiosity with regard to the new venture, which can scarcely contrive to be as retrospective and antiquarian as the specimen before us. The *Illustrated London News* is an attractive number, with capital illustrations by F. Barnard, Caton Woodville, F. Hæcker, G. A. Storey, A.R.A., and others. Messrs. Christie Murray and H. Holman's "Sweetbriar in London" occupies the place of honour in the letterpress. *Tide* (Cassell & Co.) has more variety of entertainment than either of its elder rivals. The chromo, after Mr. G. W. Joy's "Wellington at Angers," is uncommonly good; and the remaining designs, by Mr. Barnard, Miss Alice Havers, Mr. Dadd, and others, are above the average execution of Christmas numbers. *Punch's Christmas Number* is *Punch's Almanack*, it seems, with a new face and the old contributors with pen and pencil. There is a retrospect of the year, with a panorama of wondrous comprehensiveness by Mr. Harry Furniss, a "Carnival of Nations," by Mr. Tenniel, and an entirely delightful "Haggard Annual." We have also received the *World Christmas number*, "Quinn's Quest," with sketch-pictures of social gatherings by Mr. Bryan; the *Belgravia Annual*, with stories by "John Strange Winter," Curtius Yorke, Florence Marryat, and others; and *Diprose's Annual*, illustrated, with short stories and verse by Mrs. Sale Lloyd, John Latey, jun., Howard Paul, and other writers.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DIARIES.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO. have again sent us many pretty booklets and cards. Amongst the former, one illustrating Mr. Baring-Gould's well-known Evening Hymn for children and the Benedictus and Venite, separately illuminated, are specially to be noticed. "My Lady's Garden," a Calendar for 1890, in form of a small book giving instructions in gardening for every month, is not only useful, but ornamental. C. S. Calverley's "A B C Ball-room Comedy" is very well illustrated by May Oulton. "Showers of Blessings" is a pocket-booklet, but a very pretty one, with a text on one side of each of its pages and a flower on the other. Amongst the Christmas cards, perhaps a series of three cards (257) representing three frogs sleighing is the most original. Then there are "The Kitten and the Toys" (050), three mice and their several adventures (274), four cards depicting severally a butterfly, bee, wasp, and spider (165), that are all delightful. Amongst the landscape cards, Nos. 390 and 991 are, perhaps, the best. The Straw-hats (421), "Toppers" (423a), and Walnuts (353) will please many. Amongst the folding cards, one disclosing a landscape with a spray of flowers on each side (1264) is particularly pretty. Besides those we have already mentioned amongst the collection of little books and cards from Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., "Echoes from Song Land," a selection of poems by various authors, very well illustrated by W. B. Marcock; "Melted in Snow," another collection of poems, illustrated; "Christmas Bells," illustrated by A. T. Leydon; "Cathedral Chimes," illustrated by F. P. Barraud, are all worthy of notice; whilst "Here's Fun! Scraps from the Old Screen," by E. F. Manning, is really original. "Silver Pathways" is a set of twelve Scripture texts, which, with their pretty landscapes, would be a delightful addition to any sick-room. The prettiest of the cards are (1019) little children looking out of window, and surrounded by robins; a bell folding card (1018); a group of swallows (1054); and a quantity of cards with different iridescent designs, amongst the best of which are (1069) a white rose-spray and butterfly, beautifully executed; a set of two cards, one with some marguerites, another with forget-me-nots (1064); a butterfly and grass (1071); a spider's web (1048); a small bunch of wild-flowers and grass (1065); a cross decorated with grass (954).

From Messrs. Prang & Co., Boston, we have received *Notes from Mendelssohn*, which contains on each page some bars of Mendelssohn's music, some verses, and an illustration by Louis K. Harlow, and some Christmas cards with good designs, amongst which a little child asleep surrounded with pictures of her dreams. A card with a complete wooden doll on one side, and a broken arm and leg on the other, is very quaint.

Messrs. Thos. De la Rue & Co. have sent us a charming collection of diaries; those enclosed in russet-leather purses are particularly attractive. One in an embossed leather case (2240, size B) is pretty, whilst a very small one in a leather case will

be the most useful for carrying about, as it takes up no room. Another useful form of a pocket diary is the condensed one enclosed in a narrow leather case. Then there are calendars in all sizes, which, in their bright leather frames, are always a nice addition to a writing-table. Messrs. John Walker & Co. have sent us very good specimens of their diaries, bound in leather, with pencils at the back; No. 2 is a very good size for the pocket; No. 4 is far larger, but has the merit of having pockets, which make it useful as a letter-case.

From Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, & Co. we have received diaries of different sizes, bound in leather. The Portable Diary, "showing a week at an opening"; the Handy Diary, "showing one page for each day"; the Gentleman's Diary, with the pencil attached, and the Pocket Diary. The Scribbling Diary, interleaved with blotting-paper, is a particularly nice one.

Lets's diaries, published by Cassell & Co., are of all sorts and sizes. Amongst them the Office Diary and Almanac (9) is the most perfect, though naturally the most bulky, containing, as it does, a concise Whitaker. No. 27 will be found a very convenient pocket diary. From Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh we have received some hanging calendars—"A Dial of Dates" and "The Book-post Calendar" being both quaint and original; Blackwood's Scribbling Diary, containing an almanac on the cover, and Pettitt's Octavo Diary, both interleaved with blotting-paper, are to be recommended.

Some more very comely diaries reach us from Messrs. Marcus Ward. The four-part division system of this firm has been well approved by practice, and their outer clothing of the books is highly satisfactory. A crocodile-leather card-case form, a small reporter's note-book shape, and a moderate-sized pocket-book purse, with diary inside, may all be commended in their different ways as specimens of good and elegant work.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH to a good taste few more attractive *étrennes* could present themselves or be presented than M. Jouaust's long-promised re-issue, in the severe elegance of his *Bibliothèque Artistique*, of Musset's Dramatic Works (1), we cannot resist mentioning it under the head of Literature, which it is, first of all, rather than under that of Christmas Books. For the accompaniments M. Jouaust has got M. Jules Lemaitre to supply the introduction, M. Delort to design, and M. Boilvin to etch the illustrations. These latter consist of a portrait (very good) and a frontispiece to each drama. The plate allotted to *La nuit vénitienne* seems to us the best, that to *Fantasio* the least good. If the Princess were like that, we do not greatly envy *Fantasio*, and we do not see how he himself (however he might have obeyed her in trying *contrefaire sa taille*) could have made his head, and especially his face, several sizes too large for his body. The design is gracefully conceived, however; and so are they all. M. Jules Lemaitre was not likely to go wrong on such a theme. *C'est quelque chose qui est à part*, says he (as all the good critics have said, while all the bad ones wonder what we mean), and he works this out very well by showing how the most ingenious person who had not read Musset could not deduce him *a priori* from other [French] dramatists. We bracket [French] because M. Lemaitre, with his usual ill luck in speaking of Shakespeare—usual, but not extraordinary, seeing that he knows no English—includes Shakespeare in the list. Now, as it happens, Shakespeare is the one and only dramatic author in whom germs of Musset are perceptible. Take *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, the best parts of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and part of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and, given also the characteristics of the nineteenth as distinguished from the seventeenth century, you may dimly evolve the conception of something like *Fantasio* and *Les caprices de Marianne*. Again, says M. Lemaitre, "Vous ne trouverez pas l'ombre de romanesque dans *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*." Really? Nothing could show better the difference of the point of view. But we are not now desirous of breaking lances with M. Lemaitre. Musset is one of the very rare authors whom, like certain (also very rare) persons of the other sex, lovers may agree to love in different ways, and for different excellences, and almost without mutual jealousy. And the last sentence of the essay (in which M. Lemaitre principally applies himself to represent Musset as *poète de l'amour*) is so good that, though it may seem familiar, we must quote an ancient author, and say, "Brayvo, Jools!" "Le poète, nous déroulant le drame de l'amour, nous montre surtout notre grande misère, et il n'y sait point de remède, car il n'y en a pas; mais la façon dont il l'exprime nous donne à un degré rare cette impression de beauté pour la production de laquelle il est possible que le monde ait été uniquement créé." That is not only excellent writing—M. Lemaitre's writing always is—it is criticism. The pieces which the volume contains are *La nuit vénitienne*, *André del Sarto*, *Les caprices de Marianne*, and *Fantasio*.

It is good that M. Charpentier should have added Hugo to the authors included in his well-known pocket-editions. Hitherto there has been no pocket-edition of any of the poet's work except

(1) *Théâtre d'Alfred de Musset*. Tome 1. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *Œuvres poétiques de Victor Hugo—Les orientales; Les feuilles d'automne*. Paris: Charpentier.

(the publisher's notice forgets this, but we are not sure that it was not contraband) the little "Genève et New York" edition, 1853, of the *Châtiments*. It is to be hoped that the present issue will be followed up by others.

So much was gossiped in the newspapers about the drama in which M. Daudet followed up *L'immortel* (3) with a sketch of *Strugforlisme* (we are not sure that this form has actually been reached, but it is a correct deduction from *Strugforlisme*), that nothing need be said about its subject now. There are strong situations in it, but it is still much more of a novel than of a play; though the conclusion is dramatic, at least melodramatic, enough in all conscience. For the figure of Paul Astier is not simple or universal enough for a dramatic centre; it has exactly the fault of the excellent Dr. Ibsen's heroes and heroines, that it is only a thing of "mode," and mode, though admirable in comedy, is not fit for serious drama. Maria Antonia, on the other hand, is tragic enough, but hers is tragedy which wants alexandrines and the grand manner. The best compliment we can pay M. Daudet is to say that we should like to have seen Musset's idea (in verse of course) of the scene where the Duchess discovers, pardons, and separates from her husband and would-be murderer. But M. Daudet's *moyens* are not quite up to this. There is a preface apologetic of *L'immortel*; but M. Daudet mistakes the reason of the disgust which that book excited. It was not the attack on the Academy, but the kind of attack, which sickened readers.

M. Jouaust's *Nouvelle Héloïse* (4) goes on steadily, and has already far distanced any other edition of the book, in grace, portability, and distinction. We have before now said what we have to say of it, and can only repeat it or refer to it. But this third part contains in a note what we have always thought one of the classical places of Jean-Jacques. "Jamais," says he in a note, "son [La Rochefoucauld's] triste livre ne sera goûté des bonnes gens." "To which it may be observed that those who cannot 'taste' both La Rochefoucauld and Jean-Jacques go but *clopin-clopant* in literature."

M. Bocher (5) is one of those numerous good persons who make one doubt whether to laugh or cry. He thinks that the nineteenth century "aura à enregistrer le développement le plus extraordinaire qui se soit jamais accompli dans l'œuvre naturelle de l'humanité." So have we heard of a youthful weasel, who, he also by himself he, was persuaded that he had hit upon the development the most extraordinary of the natural work of viverrinity. But the thoughts of his grandmother were different.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Life of William Ellis, by Edmund Kell Blyth (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), sets forth the career of an ardent educational reformer, whose labours in the cause of popular education date from the very commencement of the movement, and resulted in the foundation of the first of the Birkbeck schools in 1848, soon after the death of the excellent Dr. Birkbeck, who established the Mechanics' Institutions once so prevalent in London and other towns. Years before this date, however, William Ellis was actively engaged as a writer and a lecturer in advocating the elevation of the masses by education. He was one of the pioneers of popular education, and a relentless worker both as a theorist and a teacher, pushing his views on social economy with extraordinary pertinacity, regardless of all snubs and rebuffs, even in quarters that less sanguine men might have deemed inaccessible. He had early in life framed his system, and upheld it with fervour. It was an age of systems, of lecturing, of schemes for raising the people by the spread of knowledge, and wonderful were many of the means by which it was sought to spread knowledge. Not all the systems possessed the vitality of those of Bell and Lancaster, or Pestalozzi, or Froebel; some enjoyed an extremely little day, and died unlamented. But William Ellis, despite his business as underwriter to a large insurance Company, continued to get through an immense amount of work in carrying out his philanthropic plans. He was associated with the Utilitarian men, his social economy being based to some extent on the writings of Bentham and James Mill; he spread knowledge, in conjunction with Brougham, when the "Useful Knowledge Society" of the "learned friend" was newly instituted; he contributed to the *Westminster Review* from the first, and, subsequent to the establishment of many Birkbeck schools, published a variety of pamphlets and books on education and political economy. Of his writings, the best known, and that which best illustrates his method, is *Philo-Socrates*, which appeared five-and-twenty years since. He wrote much on political, or social, economy, as he preferred it, sometimes in the form of a treatise, and occasionally in the popular illustrative style adopted by Harriet Martineau, of which his *Education as a Means of Preventing Destitution* is a good example. The very title is only too expressive of the sanguine hopes of a past generation of reformers. Almost to the

close of his busy life Ellis ceased not to write. With the advent of national education and the Board schools his ready pen found material for letters and pamphlets. There was ever some crisis at hand to be discussed, some *Pressing Want of Our Time* to be urged, as the schoolmaster abroad became more than ever abroad under the new order, and the new cry for the "improved schoolmaster" was heard in the land. That cry is still raised in the wilderness, "educationists" are still among us imagining many vain things if not furiously raging, and Mr. Blyth's book may usefully remind these reformers what a fleeting show is all the literature on the subject, and how little permanent are the best of all possible systems.

The latest addition to the elegant "Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series comprises two volumes of American war songs, edited by Mr. George Cary Eggleston—*American War Ballads and Lyrics* (Putnam's Sons)—a collection that represents the patriotic poetry of the colonial wars, the revolution, the naval actions of 1812, the Mexican war, and the great Civil War. The editor's aim has been to reject no song that was not either popular at one time or that remains popular to this day. No standard of poetry has determined Mr. Eggleston's choice. He finds a place for song that is absolutely commonplace and trivial side by side with lyrics of genuine inspiration, merely on the ground that both alike have been the solace of the soldier in camp or on the march. Then, again, modern ballads of old traditions, such as Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," and poems written by gentlemen who took their ease at home while North raged against South in the field, are liberally represented with the simple and stirring chants written by and sung by soldiers. The result is an extremely varied and interesting collection, with useful editorial notes, and charming vignette illustrations and tail-pieces. The second volume is entirely composed of lyrics of the Civil War, like the *Bugle Notes* of Mr. F. F. Browne, and similar collections previously published. Not a few of the songs are well known, and not a few deserve to be rescued from the obscurity of newspapers and magazines where they first appeared. Here are Mr. Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" and Mr. Lowell's "Jonathan to John"; Mr. J. W. Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way" and Mr. Lathrop's rousing song of Chancellorsville, "Keenan's Charge"; "The Bay Fight," "Sherman's March to the Sea," "The Conquered Banner," "Marching through Georgia," and so forth. As poetry, the most popular songs, such as "John Brown" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," do not rise above the level of revival or Salvation Army hymns; but they "stirred the hearts of patriots," as Mr. Eggleston says, and are properly included with better things in a martial anthology.

Self-Discipline, by the Rev. Richard Glover, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.), is a memoir of the author's son, a young man who was gifted, we willingly believe, with all the graces and virtues ascribed to him by the writer. "We may see here," writes Mr. Glover, "what Christianity can do for young men. Amongst the 'evidences' that Christianity is indeed of God, we may confidently appeal to such a character as this. It is the testimony of all who know him intimately, that it was as nearly perfect as could be in this fallen world." From this it is plain that Mr. Glover's views on "evidences" are a little odd, and the reader who survives this introductory statement will find other and still more curious "evidences" before he is half through the record of Percy Clabon Glover's boyhood.

Mrs. Haweis, in her *Art of Housekeeping* (Sampson Low & Co.), has provided young ladies newly wed with an excellent manual of practical advice on the choice and keeping of a house, the engagement and control of servants, dress, food, furniture, and other necessary and troublous matters, together with much sensible "coaching" with respect to "shops and stores, costs and quantities," and other economic mysteries. We have also to note a new edition of *Beautiful Houses*, by the same writer (Sampson Low & Co.), wherein may be found serviceable hints anent the decoration of the house.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), one of the most delightful and suggestive of modern books of travel, is appropriately added to the "famous books" comprised in the cheap and excellent "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany. The new edition is carefully revised by the author, printed in good, clear type, and illustrated by a map and woodcuts.

The miniature "Stott Library," a charming series of bijou reprints, now includes Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, in two volumes (David Stott), with two beautiful etchings of Edmonton Churchyard and Lamb's cottage at Edmonton. This is the prettiest of all pocket-editions of *Elia*.

The "O. U. R. Books," a new venture in shilling sensations, comprises, among other stories, *The Jaws of Death*, by Grant Allen (Simpkin & Co.), and *Nurse Revel's Mistake*, by Florence Warden (Simpkin & Co.). The former is a blood-freezing recital of an adventure in a waxworks exhibition at San Francisco. Miss Warden's story is full of ingenuity, if not altogether plausible. It tells of the trials of a young prince who is "shadowed" by Russian police, and it introduces a novelty in the art of assassinating kings.

One of the handsomest and most convenient editions of the Greek Testament ever issued has just proceeded from the Clarendon Press (Oxford and Amen Corner), printed on India paper, morocco-bound. There are nearly two hundred pages of critical appendix, while the text occupies more than six hundred. With Dr. Sanday setting in order Bishop Lloyd's recension of sixty years

(3) *La lutte pour la vie*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La nouvelle Héloïse*. Troisième partie. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *L'Univers, Hier—Aujourd'hui—Demain*. Par A. Bocher. Paris: Ollendorf.

ago and the Westcott-Hort edition collated, not to mention much else, there is little fear of shortcoming in scholarship; while in presentation the book is a model.

In *Master of his Fate*, by J. Maclaren Cobban (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons), we find a little of Zanoni, much more of Louis Grayle, a little of the folly that pseudo-scientists hail, a touch of the Wandering Jew, and of deeds that vampires do, of persons hystero-driven, of Frankenstein and Lord Ruthven. And having composed this stuff, Mr. Cobban says "Hold, enough!"

In the "Statesmen" Series Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has contributed a *Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort* (Allen & Co.), a skilful example of condensation, and one that utilizes, with excellent results, the abundant material available.

For young people a similar abstract is set forth by Mr. Arthur Montefiore, whose *David Livingstone: his Labours and his Legacy* (Partridge & Co.), is written in a pleasing style, and well illustrated by woodcuts and maps.

A capital selection, edited by Mr. J. E. Cabot, is the *Emerson's Poems* (Routledge), recently added to "Routledge's Pocket Library."

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *A Roman Singer*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan); *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan); Mr. George Hooper's *Waterloo*, "Bohn's Standard Library" (Bell & Sons); and Mr. H. D. Traill's *Coleridge*, "English Men of Letters" Series (Macmillan & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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- | | |
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| 25 for Foreign Office. | 9 for Home Office. |
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| 4 for the Admiralty. | 6 House of Lords' Office. |
| 18 House of Commons' Office. | 3 Board of Trade. |
| 3 British Museum. | 4 Duchy of Lancaster. |
| 10 Secretary's Department of Post Office. | 2 Record Office. |
| 2 Local Government Board. | 13 other Departments. |

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